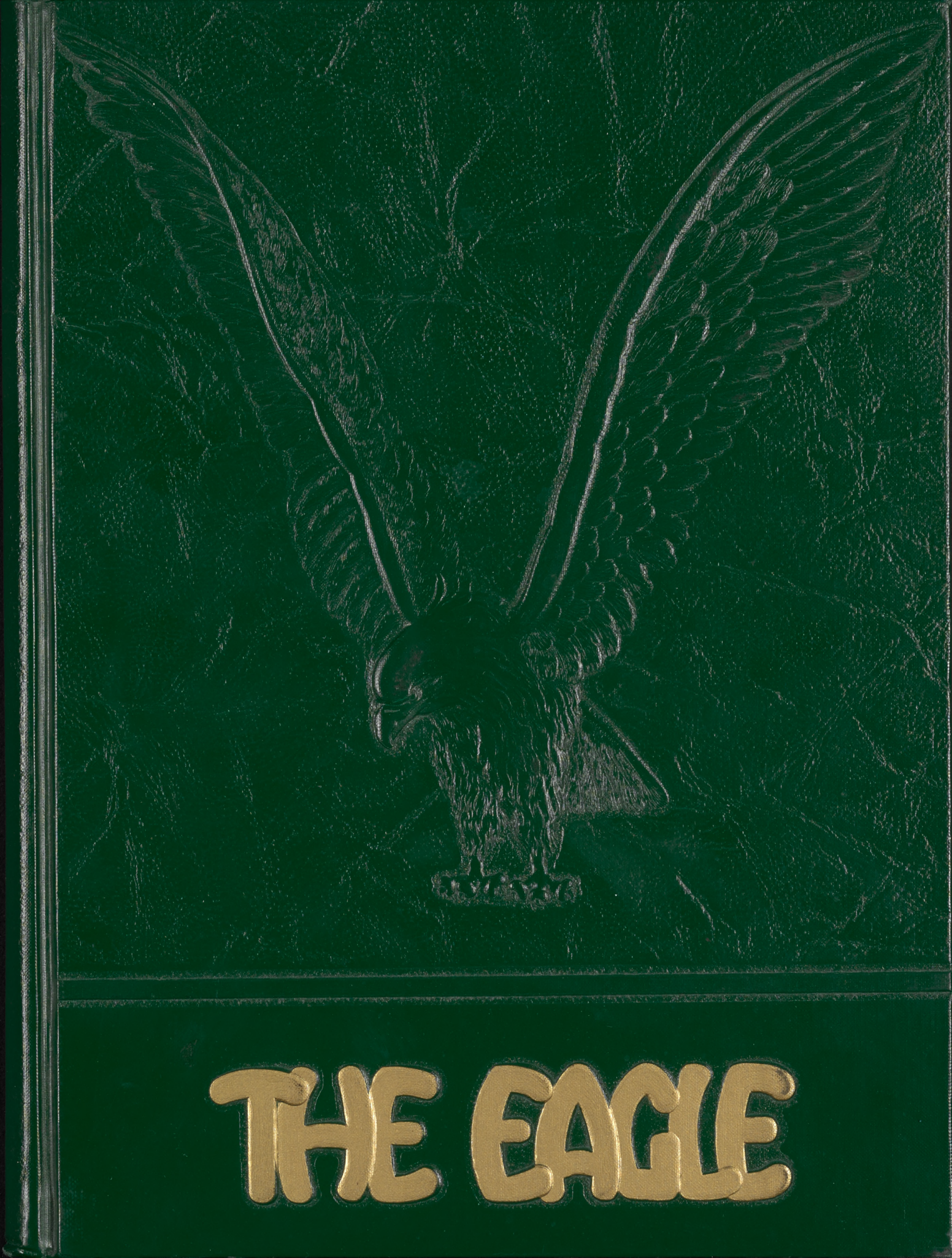


THE EAGLE







St. John's-Ravenscourt

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

NUMBER 14

1964

With all due respect, this yearbook is dedicated to the late John F. Kennedy, former president of the United States of America.

Headmaster's Foreword

I don't think most of us would like the man who said, each night before going to sleep: "Every day in every way I get better and better." For one thing we wouldn't believe him. We shouldn't believe the school either which says each spring at Prize Day or in its annual Year Book: "Every year in every sphere **we** get better and better." The real truth is that each year is different. Comparisons of better or worse are only valid in so far as they are applied to a particular team, a recurring activity, an annual event — and, even in these, comparisons are difficult because, although they may seem to be comparable, different boys make them different.

What, then, shall we say of this year? It is never easy to speak of a school year as if it were over when one is, in fact, writing in mid-March, during the marking of Easter examinations, with the snow lying deep over the playing fields. I will, on the evidence to date, venture a prophecy: we shall look back on this year as one in which the recently enlarged responsibility of the boys themselves for the welfare of their own school was accepted, not as a novelty, not as a tedious duty, but as a matter of course. I do not mean to imply that nothing went wrong or that everyone always did his job well or even that everyone always did his job; I do mean that when the job was well done the boy or boys concerned didn't go around thinking that they were heroes and when it was not done properly the boys responsible didn't dodge the fact. This has been true, I think, from the School Captain down to the newest new boy who may one day be School Captain himself.

Each year builds on the years before and it would be unfair to boys of previous years not to acknowledge that this increasing sense or responsibility in the school owes a good deal to their efforts. By the same token it would be unrealistic not to admit that we have a long way to go. In a sense the boys who fill the senior positions next year have an even tougher job to do. It is always harder to improve on some thing that is already good. To George Low and his hard working staff who have put down in pictures and print the story of this year, my congratulations. To all those who have worked hard to make this a good school and who now leave it in the custody of their successors I say 'thank you'. I hope that you will come back from time to time to see us and to make sure we're still on the right track. I hope, too, that if, when you come back, I am able to tell you that the school is even better than it was when you were here, you will take it as a compliment to your efforts.

R. L. Gordon

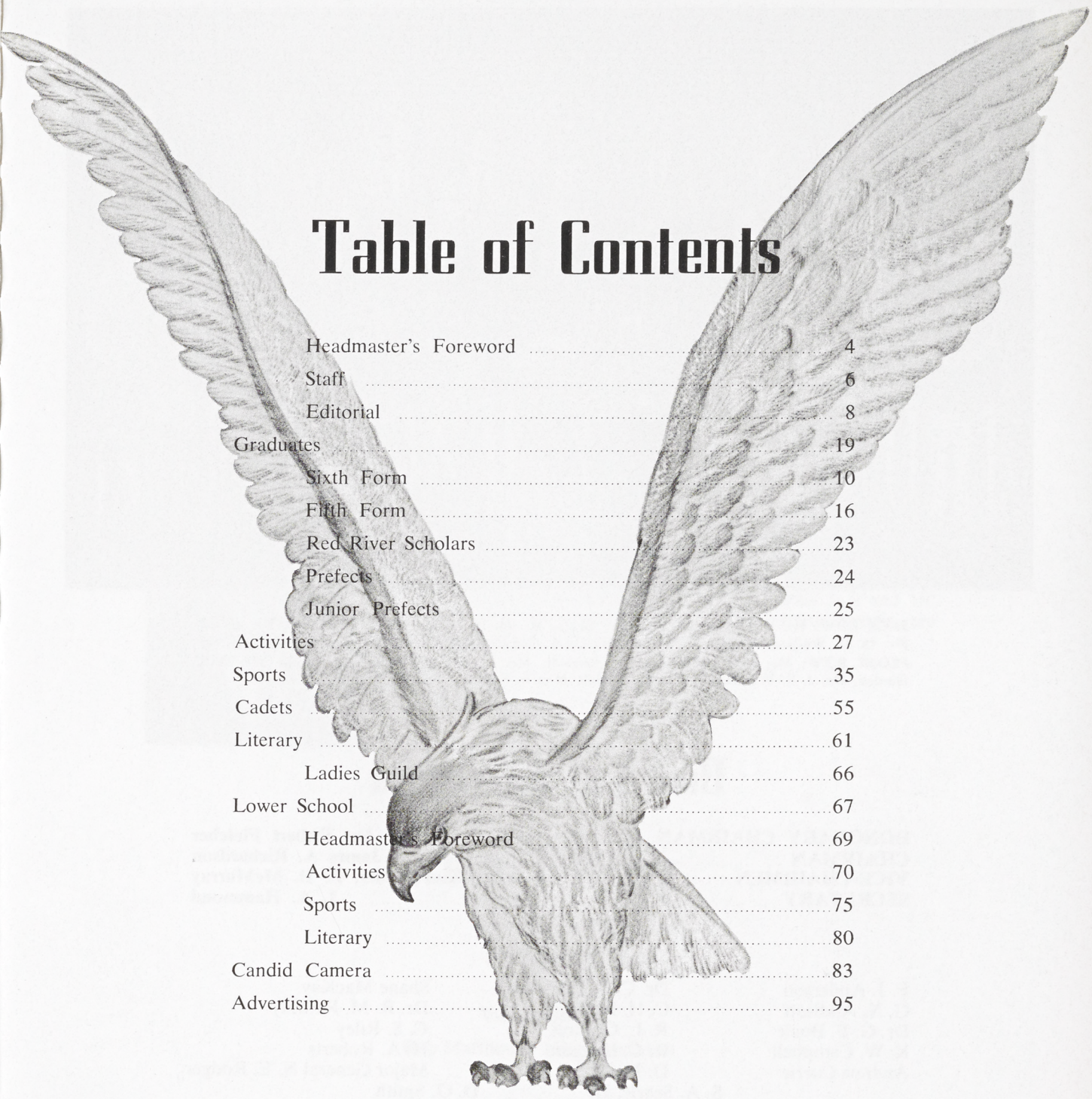


Table of Contents

Headmaster's Foreword 4
Staff 6
Editorial 8
Graduates 19
Sixth Form 10
Fifth Form 16
Red River Scholars 23
Prefects 24
Junior Prefects 25
Activities 27
Sports 35
Cadets 55
Literary 61
Ladies Guild 66
Lower School 67
Headmaster's Foreword 69
Activities 70
Sports 75
Literary 80
Candid Camera 83
Advertising 95

Staff



BACK ROW: Mr. N. McDermid, Mr. B. A. Beare, Mr. M. H. Ainley, Mr. F. M. Olsen, Mr. A. Gill, Mr. H. D. Wellard, Mr. C. K. Gorrie, Mr. C. A. Bansfield, Mr. R. P. Stewart, Mr. D. J. Timms.
FRONT ROW: Mrs. A. Murray, Mrs. L. Perrault, Mrs. V. Moody, Mr. T. F. Bredin, Mr. R. L. Gordon, Mr. J. F. Waudby, Mr. C. B. Kiddell, Miss F. Pasicov, Mrs. A. Watson.

Board of Governors

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CHAIRMAN ..... **James A. Richardson**
VICE-CHAIRMEN ..... **G. P. Osler, L. D. McMurray**
SECRETARY ..... **J. A. Hammond**

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Dr. C. C. Ferguson
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R. L. Gordon
R. C. Huggard
D. H. Jones
S. A. Searle, Jr.
Shane MacKay
Dr. R. M. Ramsay
C. S. Riley
H. A. Roberts
Major General N. E. Rodger
D. G. Smith

OUT OF TOWN MEMBERS

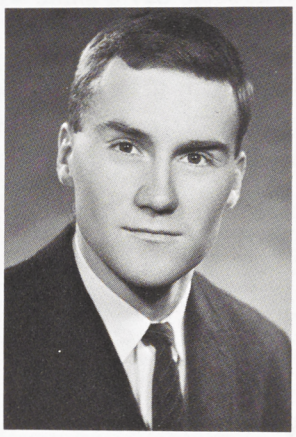
Dr. J. D. Leishman, Regina
Dr. J. K. Martin, Edmonton
Dr. D. McDermid, Calgary
Mr. C. D. Shepard, Toronto
Mr. C. M. Young, Ottawa

New Staff



Mrs. V. Moody

Mrs. Moody has attended the University of Laval in Quebec, the University of Grenoble, France and the University of Manitoba where she received her B.A. and where she is presently working on her M.A. Mrs. Moody teaches French in Grades eight to twelve. She is, in her off-time, an avid skier, is fond of horseback riding and considers a well displayed wardrobe as one of her hobbies. We sincerely hope Mrs. Moody's aspirations for the future are fulfilled.



Mr. N. McDermid

Mr. McDermid is an old boy of the school, having attended Ravenscourt from 1955 to 1959 after which he attended the University of Alberta and obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. He teaches History, Geography and Mathematics to grades 8, 9 and 10. Mr. McDermid's favorite and active sports are hockey and football.

School Officers

School Captain

Rick Lauder

Vice Captains

Rob Matthews Barry Sullivan

Prefects

Chris Dougall	Pete Greene	Mike Hartley
Derek Lloyd	Jock McDonald	Bill Stovel

Junior Prefects

Randy Arnett	Bill Everett	Derek Funnell
Craig Lamb		Rick Matthews

Editorial...

As I write this I realize that another year has almost come to an end; a year that has been of great importance to myself and to my fellow students of the sixth. We have seen the school through its year for the last time — we will no more play its sports and run its races, we now leave that in the hands of you who have years to come at the school. Take good care of it, pick up the pieces, mend our bad habits and carry on the things which we managed to do well. No! Improve them. Make good use of the years ahead of you at the school, both for your sake and the school's. Time goes by, before you know it you will be seeing the school for your last year and then you too will, I hope, want to help it more than ever.

To those, like myself, who are in their last year, I hope that we can look back and feel proud that we have helped our school. These remembrances will be prominent in our minds. It would be wrong, though, to pretend that these will be the only memories that will come to our minds. We will also look back and remember the mistakes we made and we can only hope that these mistakes will be corrected by time.

Ahead of us lies a new world which we must soon face; university. We will make our separate decisions and determine the nature of our lives ahead; it will be a world which will have an ever increasing importance on our lives. We will no doubt have the same fun as we have had here, we will broaden our experience, gain new ideas and grow into men. I wish you all the luck and hope to meet many of you in later life.

When it is all over and you are well established in life I only hope that some day a smile will come to your face as you skim over the pages of an old dust covered "Eagle" pulled from a shelf. I hope that then my staff and I will have made you recall the events of your school life and I hope that you, in remembering the school will visit it and see how it is doing.

George Low,
Editor.

The "Eagle" Staff.

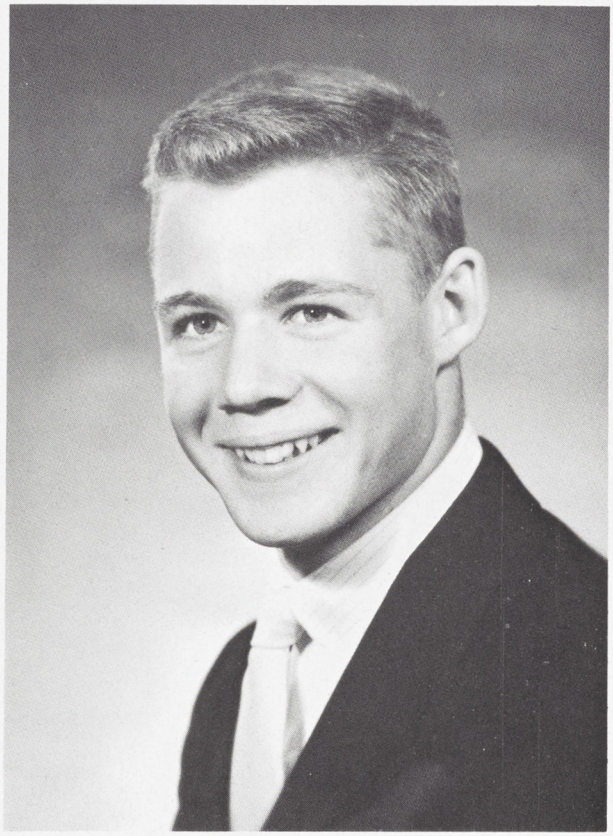


BACK ROW: Peter Greene, Chris Dougall, Andrew Little, Randy Arnett, Alan Tucker, Derek Lloyd, Derek Funnell, Bill Everett.
FRONT ROW: Rick Lauder, Mike Fox, George Low, Homer Tillenius, Rob Matthews, Craig Lamb.

Editor-in-chief	George Low
Assistant Editor	Mike Fox
Sports Editor	Rob Matthews
Advertising Staff	Rick Lauder, Al Tucker, Randy Arnett, Bill Everett.
Art	Chris Dougall, Andy Little
Photography	Andy Little
Write-ups	Peter Greene, Tillenius, Funnel, Lamb, Lloyd
Candids	Sprague, Nanson

GRADUATES





The School Captain

As our fourteenth school captain Rick Lauder has done an exceptionally good job. He has displayed himself as a healthy profile of school life, winning the respect of those around him. Generally speaking, he is a natural athlete, active in football, hockey, basketball, gym and track and field. He has the qualities of a leader and the ability to be "one of the boys", he is an average student and an avid supporter of all school activities.

In his five years at the school Rick has been prominently active in sports. For the past two years he has been quarterback of the senior football team as well as leading his house team to victory. He has played two years of senior basketball and even has a year of senior hockey under his belt. In the spring Rick proves his proficiency in track and field; as well as holding the provincial record in the discus event, he is prominent in the javelin, shot put, pole vault and high jump events.

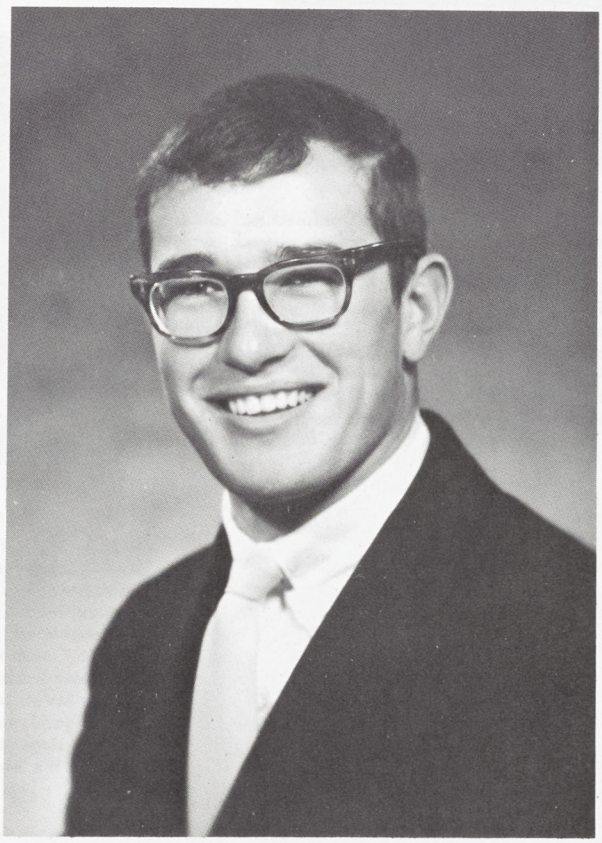
Apart from his athletic activities Rick has worked his way up to 2IC of the Cadet Corps and is serving his second year on the "Eagle" advertising staff.

Rick is undecided to what career he is going to pursue but from what we have seen of him we are sure he will be a success on whatever path he chooses. All the luck Rick! How about runt car manufacturing?



ROB MATTHEWS: "I did not do that you guys". Unable to play senior football because of an old war wound Rob coached the Bantam football team. He was one of the goalies on the senior hockey team, (Great save!) and also played out of the net. He is a stylish cross-country runner pushed on by some internal force. Rob is a Captain in Cadets and has done a very good job as sports editor of the "Eagle". His hobbies include spraining his ankle and giving up smoking. His girl question is blowing in the wind. After taking history this year Rob has planned a trip to Vienna, and the Duchy of Burgundy. Why is the prefects common room in such a mess? Well, one day Rob walked in, broke a chesterfield, three ashtrays, spilled the freshie all over Wilson, threw Earl Lunsford through the window and ripped the phone off the wall. But you can't call Rob a jinx. Cowpie, along with the other farmer, makes up the schools agricultural advisory.

Vice-Captains

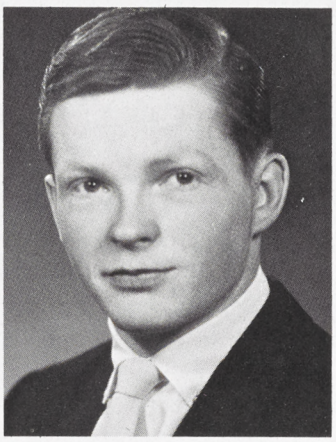


BARRY SULLIVAN: Sully, with his speed, size, and toughness was a standout on the senior football field again this year managing a fair number of exciting touchdowns. He was also the top scorer on the senior hockey team and is a speedy sprinter in track and field. Barry shared the position of Hamber House captain with Rob Matthews; if he is lacking in certain qualities it is not the will to win and have the rest of his house do likewise.

This year Barry carried a flag in the Cadet Corps. As a prefect he allows no guff but manages to hold back his Irish temper which often erupts on the third floor. Barry, blessed with a tidy dorm mate manages to keep his dorm in order and he can tell you that without his tongue in his cheek. "See!" Barry enjoys ballet, reading, girls, the Stampeders and listening to Rob's grammatical errors. Next year will probably find him at the university of his choice and we wish him all the luck. Have fun in Europe this summer Barry.

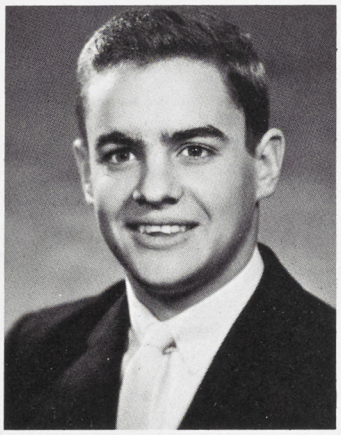
Graduates

CHRIS DOUGALL: Pinky's Pepperonitone voice was a reason for the success of the Larvae. Joan has certainly left her mark on the school; on walls, desks, chairs, ceilings, everywhere. Chris is a senior prefect from Prince Arthur's Landing and played senior football, senior hockey and house hockey. Dagal, a sharp dresser loves yellow because it goes very well with pink. Chris still applies his art talent to the "Eagle", posters, and his desk where he engraves the odd name. We wish him all the best as a T.C.A. pilot.

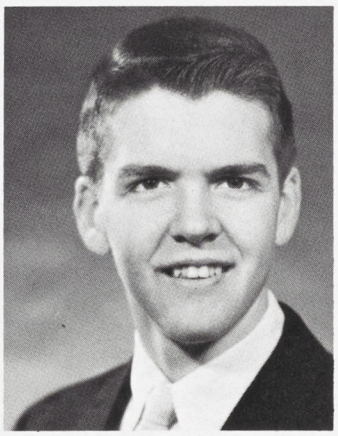




PETER GREENE: As a member of the Larvae, Paul soloed in "Moody River". The fish played senior football, senior basketball, house sports and was a "thin strip of a Mickey dazzler" on the hockey rink. After weighing the evidence of many a blind date, we feel that Pete was double-Crossed. Pit excels in sketching kingo cards but for him it's no sweat. Geoff plays cowpies and Indians and was a member of the school band. We sincerely hope that Pete will keep order in his future Phys. Ed. classes.

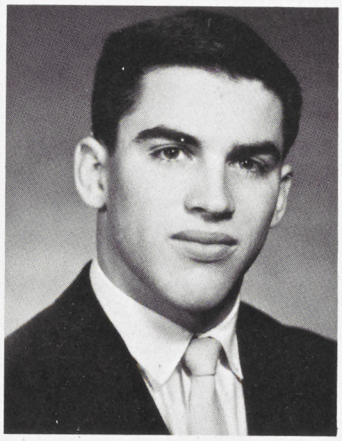


MIKE HARTLEY: While confined to solitary meditation, Mike the Monk played senior football and hockey (bush league), house sports and took part in track and field. The quiet little hustling Sarge is a senior prefect and is the only non-moving, bourgeois social climber in the school. Spook's picture always seems to be under exposed. "Whaddya mean, I'm out of it!?!" Mike will need to sit in the bleachers at Toronto next year. Good luck!

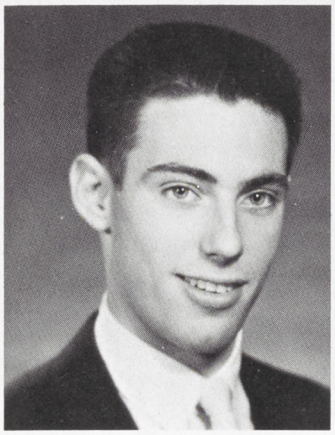


DEREK LLOYD: "Mary has a little lamb, who does what he is told." Derek played senior football, midget hockey, and house sports. He is a competent senior prefect who knows how to get a job done without being aggressive. John Lemon was a successful partner of the Larvae and will more than likely become famous as Mr. Yagboo. Mr. Waudby's favorite extrovert still has a brother. Best of luck in the future Derek.

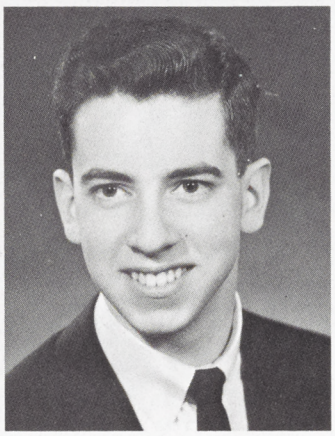
JOCK McDONALD: Jock is a senior prefect and played senior football, hockey, house sports and is a competent track and field competitor. As CO, Chopper has instituted aggressive spirit and glowing enthusiasm in the Cadet Corps this year. Jock hit the limelight of moving with timely advice from the Hustler. A lover, of the Beatles that is, he proved to be good material. Jock, to boost his Chem. marks, stays up 'till 1:30 to burn the yule log. All the best in engineering, Jock.



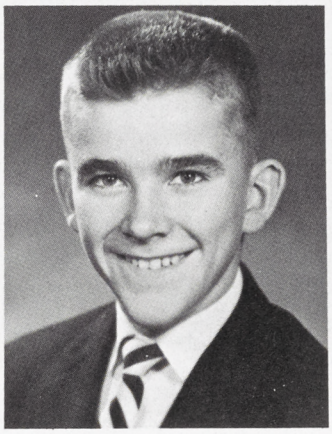
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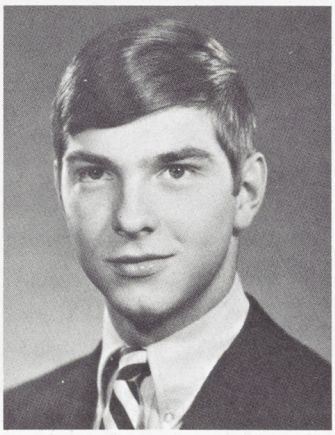
BILL STOVEL: Beatle Bill is a senior prefect, played senior football and hockey, house sports and is a pole vault man. Wild Bill burns the midnight wick during exams. The Dude likes K-reening around corners in his Fuel-injected Stude, and is Mr. Waudby's mad-cap doorman. Our lanky friend's laugh cannot be mistakened, even in France where hand-painted towels and pyjamas are cheaper by the dozen. Sincerely Bill, have a good life.



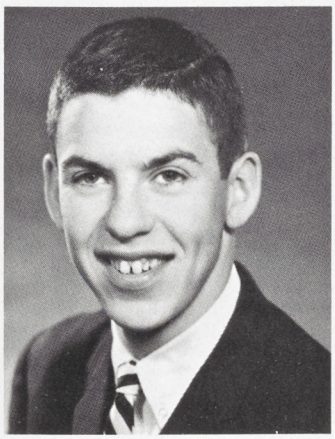
RICHARD CONDO: This year Rick earned himself a green tie for leading the Academic Self-Help system. Conch played senior football and most house sports, but he still finds time to twitter "Sweet Little Sheila" and strum his plywood guitar for the Thompson Four. Poundel really nose what it's like to sleep on the roof. We take it he will be going to the U of M next year and we wish him all the luck.



GEORGE LOW: "Please suh, I want some more!" As the editor of the yearbook for the second year in a row, Oliver has certainly done an excellent job, adding a new Twist here and there. Goliath played soccer this year and ran flat-out to set a new record for the Workhouse London cross-country. George has a choice of scholarships next year; chimney sweeping at U. of Norway or basketball at U.C.L.A. This year the sixth experienced the battle of the Titons: Fly vs. Flue-cleaner.



JOHN ELWOOD: Honest buys the latest styles, he has a doublebreaster with sixteen pockets. Fagin played senior football, senior hockey and house hockey. Honest likes cars, girls, cops, physics, tickets and haircuts. John is president of the Bunko squad and spends hours at the board solving complex problems. Best of luck with hair styling next year John.

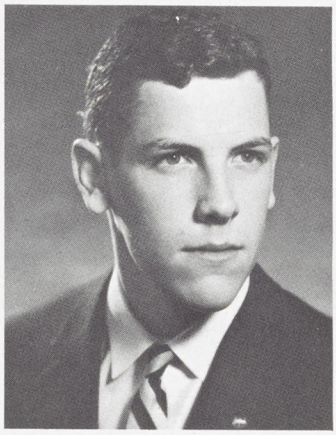


ALAN GRAHAM: Our next year's school captain's portrait is already on the wall in the dining hall, along with his two chief councillors. Chingascook played soccer, hockey and still runs like a deer. Al has certain reservations about his Math., but has the rest of his subjects in the sack. Al is one of Farmer's career councillors and himself plans to be a vet. We wish him all the luck.

Graduates



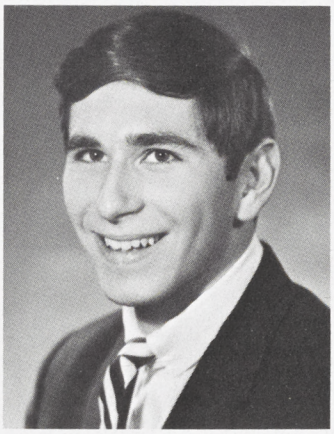
CRAIG KENNEDY: "Super Golf" shifted his natural tendencies this year from girls to golf and hockey. Despite his lanky shadow Gregie has started a book entitled "Je suis un bon joueur de hockey." Craig played senior hockey and has become a GROWING concern on the golf links. He is suffering something terrible from "Beatlemania!"



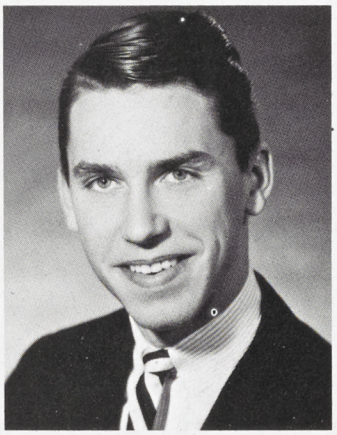
RICHARD LAY: This year Richard joined the ranks of the boarders, he played soccer and loves to ski. Being a math. brain, to put it bluntly, Rick was an invaluable aid during exams. Curly, although unable to perfect his beatle cut, will have his Ringo sneer straightened out soon enough, we wish him well in Commerce.



ANDREW LITTLE: Andy was an invaluable help to the yearbook this year 'cause he takes good pictures and is a really good drawer. Andy played soccer and strums for the world renowned Thompson Four. He just loves Lit. and Chemistry. Andy should be a critic but he hopes to study architecture in years to come and we know he will be a great success.

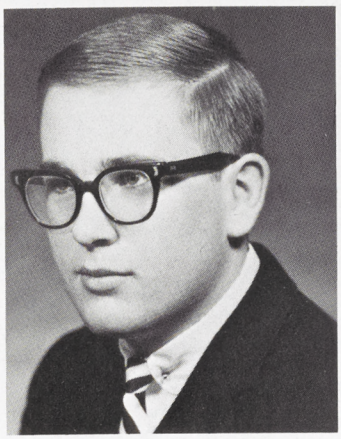


RON KANTOR: Mr. Mercury has had another fine year in track and field and attributes his success to his banana boots. At school, Ron took part in most house sports, soccer, basketball, was head of 'Out Scouts' and Hairmonized with the Thompson Four. The Foreign Legion have their eyes on Ron, but Ron has his eyes on Princeton. Bonne Chance!

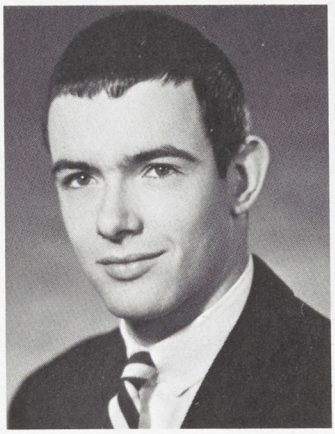


TOM MATERS: Dom, delefon! Tom played soccer, participated in track and field and most house sports. De Dow loves Renaults, Pat, tulips, de flatte and especially Ducker. His history essays again smashed world speed records. Tom is a very efficient Cadet Lieutenant. We wish him all the best at Madors Modors.

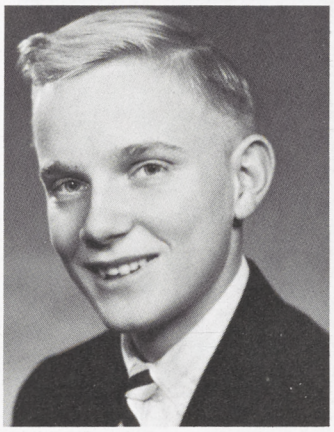
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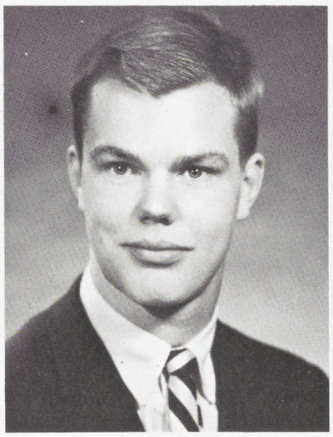
ROBIE THORN: Debby Drake tap-danced onto the football field, accomplished several excerpts from Swan Lake on the basketball court and tip-toed through the 100 yard tulip bed. Romping rhino grunted for the Thompson Four. Spohn streaked three fast ones past Einstein for a first term strike-out. He's fired right out.



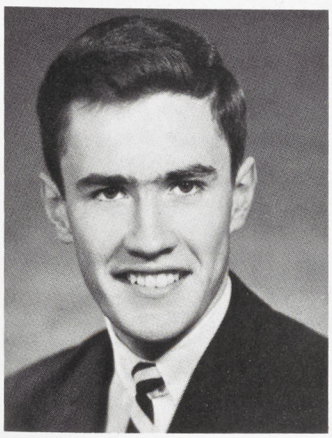
PETER SCHOTCH: This is the B.B.C., heah is the news! According to our ancient Babylonic uniform tablets, P.K. slings the shot and does beautiful "nutty-putty" lay-ups. Julius did quite well for a first year footballer and also played senior basketball and volleyball. Jandi plans to take second year at U.B.C. next year. We wish him well. "That's a terrible Tatheraraa!"



HOMER TILLENIUS: Homer played ZZenior ZZoccer and house volleyball this year and hizz clarinet music thrilled the crowds at Yagboo. Homer wrote a hizztory paper this Easter. His flights home were often hampered by high wind velocity and faulty radar. The fly is fast with stinging puns. Buzz. Buzz. Homer just loves Tucker.

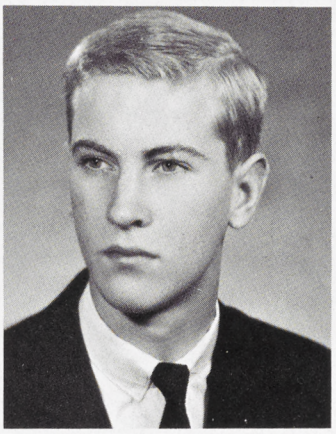


ALAN TUCKER: Al is a fairly good student. He played senior football, house hockey, basketball and volleyball, but didn't quite slap hard enough to make the senior basketball team. Tucker likes bugging Don, the Fly, and the two Frogs. Overheard every day in class, "you left yourself wide open, I assume no responsibility.

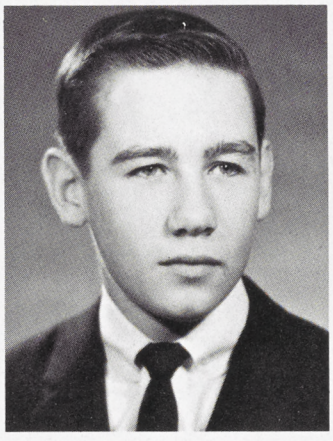


CHRIS WILSON: "The Worker" played senior soccer, house sports and flipped his lid for the Larvae. Lingo drummed up some funny puns this year. Ho. Ho. His hobbies include mowing lawns and trimming willow trees. Willy worked real hard in the Cadet stores. Ski-bum has real Cool-aid slippers. Hiya Heat!

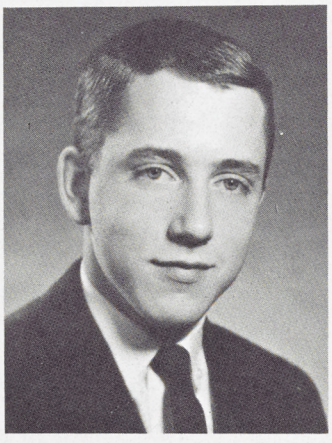
Graduates



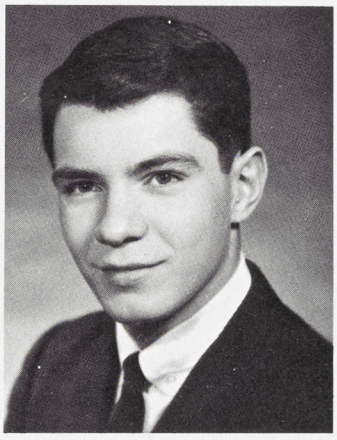
RANDY ARNETT: Arnstein was a J.P. this year and a new member of the "Eagle" ad. staff, he is a good friend to everyone, even Greene. Randy was on the senior football, basketball and track teams, and in anything else he could get his feet into. He likes fast cars, and etc., but is only interested in platonic relations with the opposite sex.



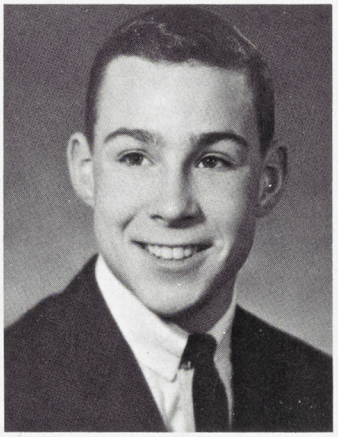
BILL EVERETT: Cheesecake played senior and house football, midget and house hockey, ran the equipment room and was a member of the "Eagle" advertising staff. Reigning over the third floor of Hamber Hall, Bill was often found in dorm I by Lloyd. Bill worries about things that may never happen and then makes them happen—at least in his day dreams.



DEREK FUNNELL: Derry was a J. P. this year and amused hiself by playing senior and house football, senior house soccer and midget and house hockey. On Monday afternoons our Cadet Lieutenant could be found parading in the gym. A former Winnipegger he is now an authentic champion of the Cowtown.

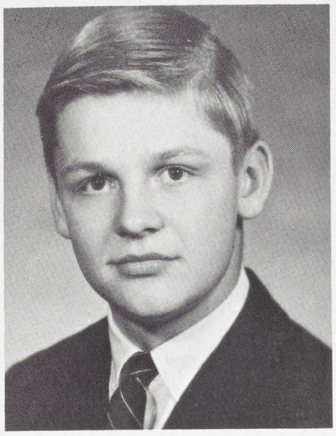


CRAIG LAMB: Klaig was always good for a couple of YUKS this year, and never complaining about the Laundly service, he could often be found horizontal on his bed, reminiscing about his "faster days" in his '51 Austen. Howie spent some of his time tripping around the rinks in hockey games, and also played senior and house football, and house soccer. He was a J.P. too.

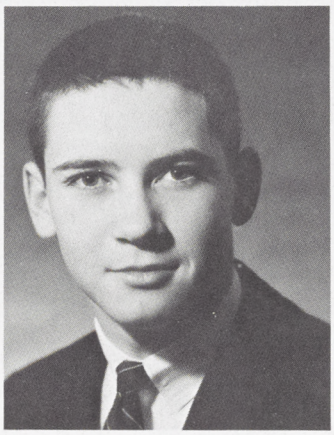


RICK MATTHEWS: Rick was also a J.P. this year, and played senior hockey and football, and house sports. Pinhead was R.S.M. in Cadets and between REIDing letters from Edmonton and exercising his muscles, our microcepholic wonder managed to cram enough knowledge into his high density cranium to maintain a high standing in the class. "His Wordiness" believes all good things come in small packages.

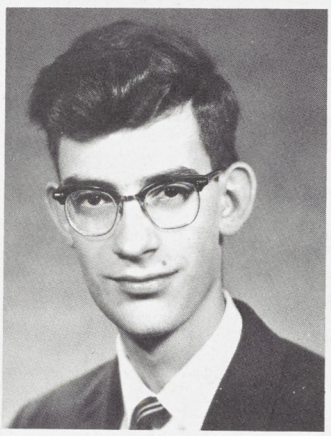
Form V



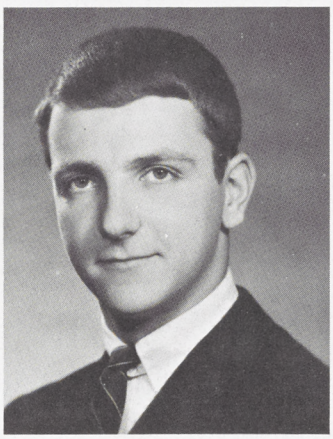
IAN BOULT: Ian took a short course in tannery this year and decided to move on to bigger things. We predict that a new purple bomb would help him considerably in his search for better jobs. His interests in the second term changed to Greek Classics, but he took time out to play senior football, senior and house hockey, and house soccer.



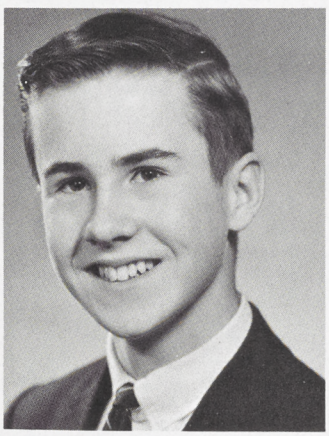
RUSS BOURK: Stoney, "the Red Deer Rider" had little trouble keeping Bobbie under his thumb this year. Russ played soccer, midget hockey, house football, and Cadets. Truly a science man, Stoney learned biology from a real Graceful beauty, but managed to keep himself in hand on Saturday nights. We hope Russ will get his licence on his 7th try.



ROSS CAINE: Silent and mysterious, Rosey's main activity is helping to run the library. He played at soccer. He sits at the back of the room, hears all, sees all and says little.

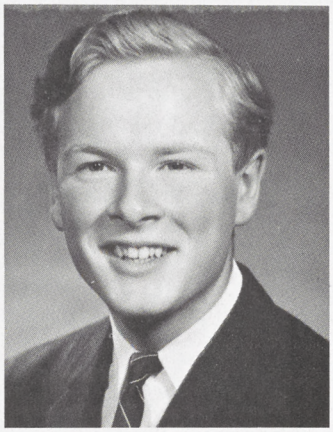


BYRON DART: Lord "Beatle" Byron, a truly independent member of the Fifth, kept most of the masters happy with his keenness in class. Byron spent some time in a closet where his only RAE of light was on the other end of the telephone line. Byron tried out for senior soccer and was in charge of automechanics in Cadets.

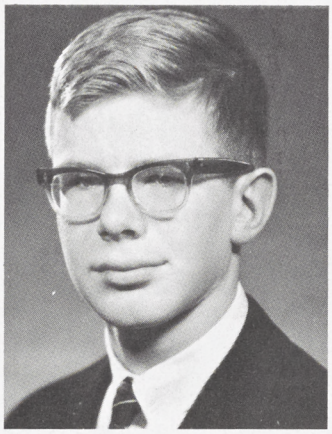


PHILIP DODD: Since Sydney joined the class, everyone has been competing for second place. Phil played senior basketball and made several brilliant plays in his soccer career last. . . . Fall. Another Master Cadet, Pip is a spritely lad, and we hope he will be coming into boarding next year.

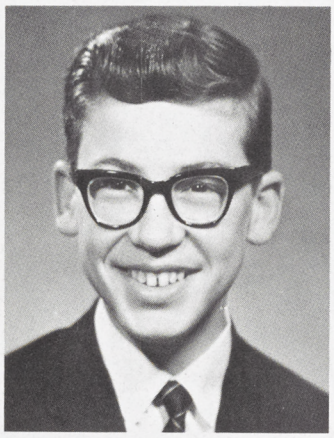
Graduates



NOEL EVOY: Cherub, a 2nd member of the library Clique, also had little time for sports this year. Fortunately Noella didn't throw his weight around, and glided from class to class with briefcase in hand.



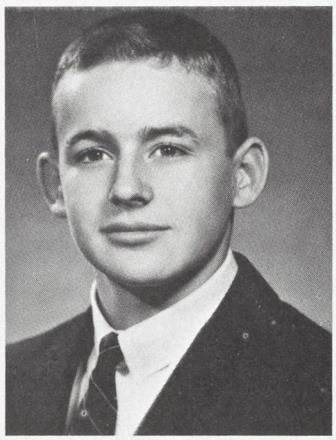
TERRY FOLINSBEE: Flea played senior and house soccer this year and as chief signal man of the Cadet Corps sewed on Sergeant Stripes. Terry is a very competent student whose marks are always near the top. To the amazement of Rostoker and others Terry is now ping pong champion of the school.



MIKE FOX: Mike was responsible for the Grade Eleven cut-downs this year and we hope to see him in the editor's chair next year. Foxy, the Vth Form pool shark, played soccer and house sports and found time to move a miniature mountain one weekend. He is of the same ethnic origin as Klaig who says "fum fo fie fee" on Fox.

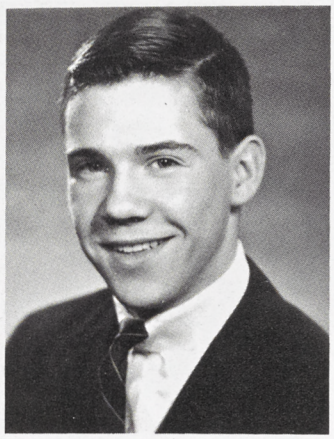


CLARK FRASER: Clark was a Lieutenant this year and a good one. He played senior football, midget hockey and was hindered in both. Clark always had his history essays in on time, seldom wasted time, and was often hounded by Mr. Bredin.

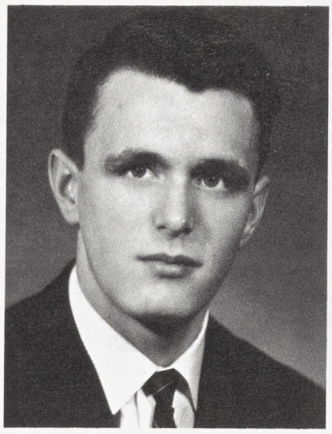


IAN HARTLEY: Ian fell out of a willow-tree this year and broke his heart. He recovered soon enough to take an active part in midget and house hockey, senior and house football, and to run the hockey shop. He had a vague interest in skiing and spent his Christmas holidays in Quebec. Moving to Toronto this summer, we know Ian will have no trouble making his opinions heard.

Form V



PETER HUNTER: The Sieve played goal for the midgets this year, and being a Toronto fan, Pete modelled himself after that great goalie Don Simmons. He also played senior and house hockey. A compact member of the Fifth, Snatch's ambition in life is to become a teen-age tank gunner. Judging from previous years, Pete plans to move this summer.



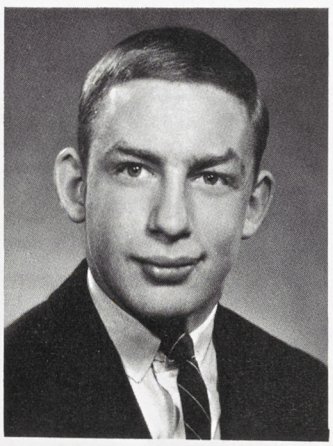
JOHN KNOX: Evil Eye Fleegle, our Maple Creek Mafia Man, was the most punctual laddie of the Fifth. (Just ask Mr. Gordon!) The Human Eyebrow occasionally showed up for football practices, and in his other identity, Dapper Dan, the dressman of the Form, was noted for his 10-lb. Italian needle-toes.



JOHN LEDERMAN: A rock-like representative of St. Vital. Mr. Clean gets a big bang out of guns and drives a hot six Impala. John was a Captain in Cadets, an infrequent visitor to the playing fields and was forever drawing up lengthy petitions.

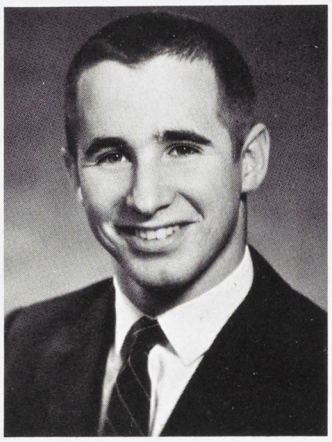


ROGER LUCY: The school enjoyed a second year with Dingbat, and this time Roger and Byron confirmed their friendship. A true scholar, Dingy spent most of his time in the library with Evoy and Caine where he swallowed an encyclopedia.

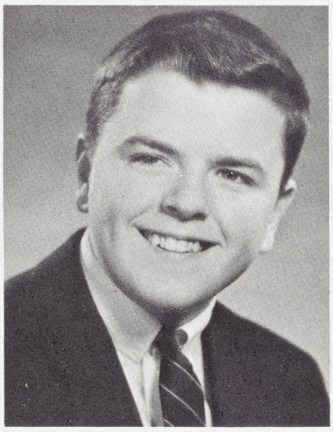


COLIN MONCRIEFF: Monty played senior football, senior hockey, and house sports. Monk has red hair and a cool Monza to match. Snatched by Beatlemania from the ranks of the Kingston Trio fans, Monty acquired a collection of hot Beatle pictures fast. He did his share of skiing this year but never "actually" got moving.—the girls don't know what they're missing. (Maybe they'll find out next year).

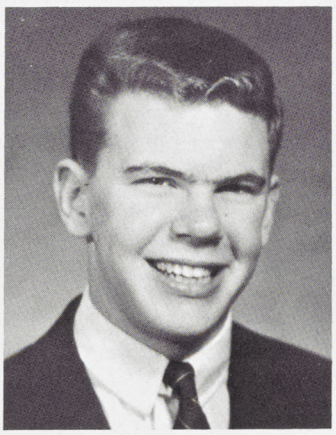
Graduates



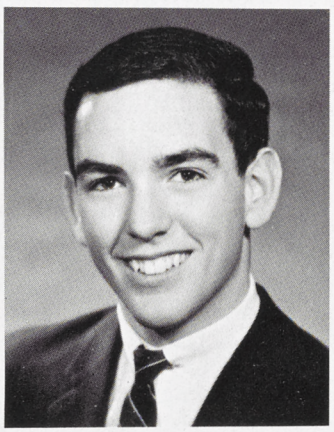
DAVID NEAL: Our "Sunday Farmer" from Lac du Bonnet, learned well the art of agriculturalizing opposing soccer players. For the past eight years Dave has been constructing a snowmobile with 1038 gear combinations, but being a true bushman, he still snowshoes five miles a weekend to Dagmar's. Dave again worked in the Cadet stores this year. He likes polkas, C fry and ditches. We wish him all the success in the future.



DAVE PURDY: Our southern friend stood high on the basketball team this year, and took time out to excel in soccer and house sorts. Dave is a Supermarket man and it's mainly because of the meat. Dave drove into the drive-in and managed to miss most of the show but, he didn't miss much else and we hope to see this Dodger fan (from L.A.) again next year.

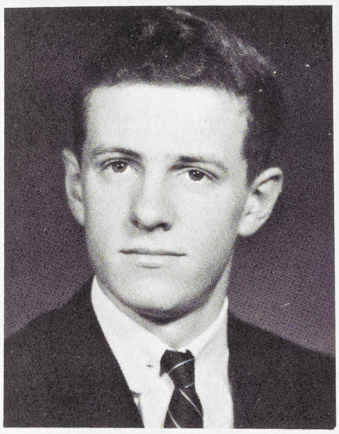


BILL RAMSAY: Bill's name is sometimes associated with hockey, but this quiet, softspoken representative of Tuxedo also found time to fool Fox and fluke good marks. A fine actor, and cheezy's firm friend, Germs plans to be a medicine man. Bill claims never to make the same mistake twice, avoiding, if possible, another social "faux pas".

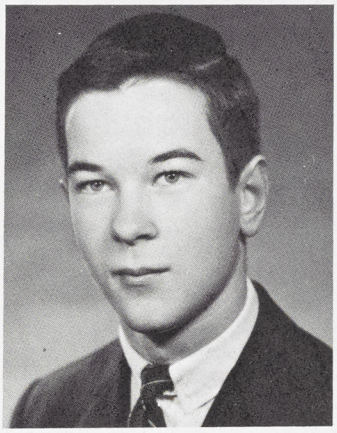


HUGH ROBERTS: Big, burly and brown, Hugh likes sports cars, drawing, Tuxedo and homework. A man with sense of humour, he managed to fit a couple of soccer games into his heavy schedule. His favourite subject? Driving.

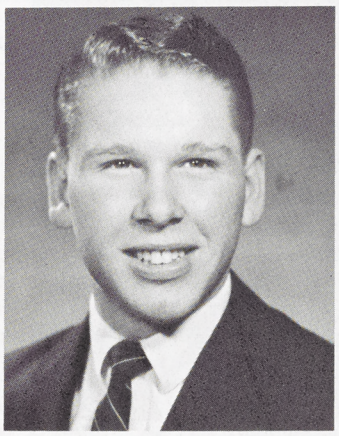
Form V



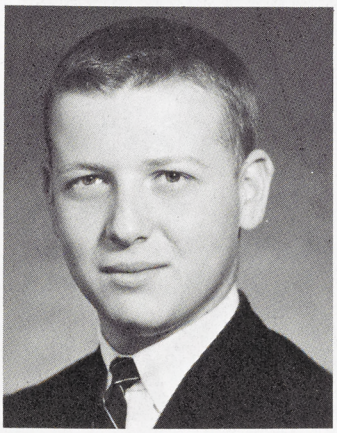
GERALD ROBINSON: A late arrival from Neepawa. Gerald will have to run hard to reach the top at the same time as his pals. He just might make it. We hope so.



NICK RODGER: Nick played senior football, senior basketball and house sports. He was seen at the football dance. Nick's name was associated with a certain Kelvin swinger, but he still remained one of the quieter members of the class.

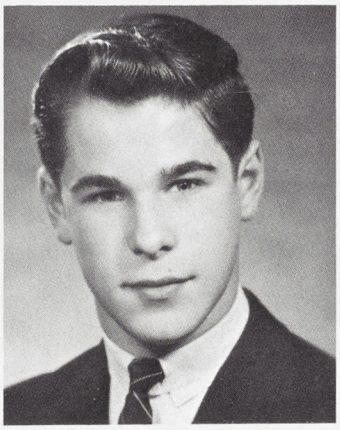


BOB ROPER: Bob certainly got around during the hockey season this year. A hustler with a bevy of beauties at his beck and call, "Ropes" is another man who can boast a super-torque Stude. The Bus-Boy, a real dance floor darling, excelled at the dancing class, and is noted for his fast clothes and slick shirts. Bob is a sound member of the Vth.

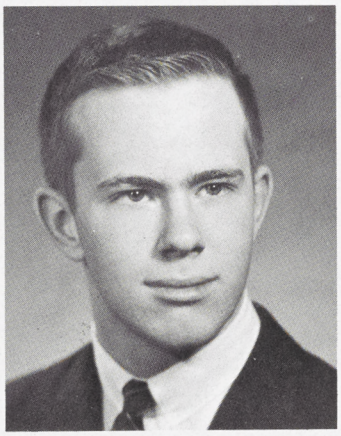


ALLAN ROSTOKER: J.B., alias King Pong was one of the few boys in the form with a real flair for business. Al played senior hockey and football. house sports, and ping pong. This year it was Al who kept the A and W in business. (It pays to buy wholesale.)

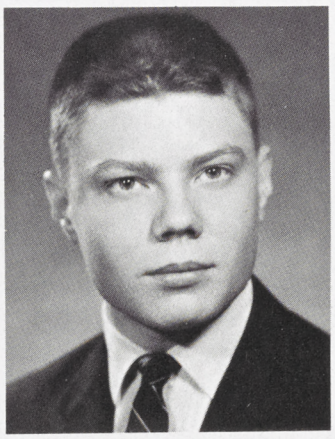
Graduates



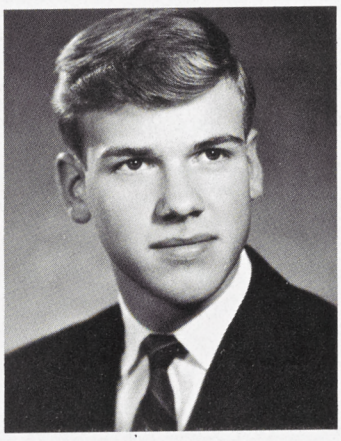
BOB SANDERS: Stubby and Russ managed to keep it straight during the week but what happened on the weekends? The youngest member of the form discovered girls this year, and they're still running. Bob played junior house hockey, Bantam and house football, and was goalie for the Bantam 'A's'.



STUART SPRAGUE: Another expert driver, we hear Stu is a staunch supporter of slow-speed cruising and smooth cornering. Stu played senior football, basketball and house sports. A chronic shutterbug, he is responsible for many of the fifth form candid shots. We hope to see him back again next year.



BOB WEIR: Another fairly solid member of the class. Bob played senior football and midget hockey this year. Cicero, intellect and scholar, also spent a little of his time in the library. The strong, silent type, Bob, too, is a man of few words.



MIKE WALTON: Mike felt that the senior football team was too good for him this year, but graced the soccer field instead, and was popular on the basketball team. Mike is a fan of English cars and we know he has a prayer of getting his license.

Red River Scholarships



BACK ROW: Trew, Sunquist, Gardner, Mr. Gordon, Fitzjohn.
FRONT ROW: Carlson, Jackman, Gunn.

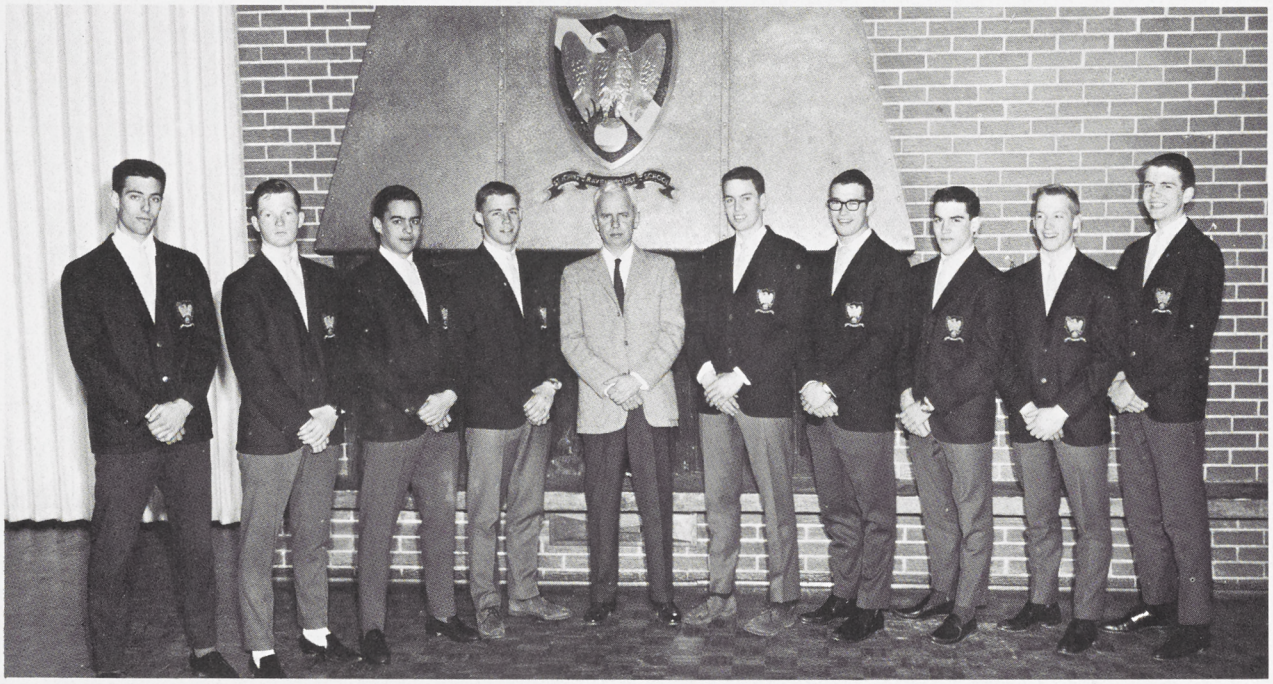
A Red River Scholarship is not a gift; it is not a handout; it is not primarily a prize. A Red River Scholarship is an investment in talent. The Red River Scholarship scheme is based on the belief that talent is not confined within geographical or economic limits and that if S.J.R. can help talented boys, so also talented boys, wherever they may be found, can help S.J.R. We have tried to keep the scholarship terms of reference as flexible as possible and, for that reason, we have avoided a too-precise definition of the word talent.

The scheme is still in its infancy. Its continuance depends on increased financial support, on the record of the first few Red River Scholars, on our own capacity for developing and encouraging talent.

Red River Scholars of today are asked to accept a share of responsibility for the future of the plan. They are asked to agree to the idea that, when they are in a position to do so, they will contribute to the future of Red River Scholars. In time to come Red River Scholars may be the main support of Red River Scholarships. In the meantime we need all the help we can get to maintain and extend this scholarship idea.

R. L. Gordon,
Headmaster.

Prefects



Bill Stovel, Chris Dougall, Mike Hartley, Rick Lauder, Mr. Gordon, Rob Matthews, Barry Sullivan, Jock McDonald, Peter Greene, Derek Lloyd.

School Captain's Report

This school year may go down in the history of the school as just being another year, but for me, it was quite different. During a boy's final year at school he realizes, I think, as I have, that he is going to make a great change in his life. The real change is leaving school but many other changes will come with it. As I think of university ahead, it makes me recall my school years in the past and I realize how much this school has done for me. I have enjoyed being a part of the school for the past five years and I hope that I have helped my school a fraction of the great amount it has helped me.

One thing that was quite new this year was our school uniform. We now have a uniform that the boys are proud of and they wear it when they go out on special occasions. Some of the old blazers are still worn but I know the new ones are preferred.

Junior Prefects



Derek Funnell, Bill Everett, Craig Lamb, Rick Matthews, Randy Arnett.

Last year a cleaning program was started under which the boys would clean the school. This scheme worked very well and has been continued this year. One of the great characteristics of the school is that a great majority of the work and organizing is done by the boys themselves. For example: the yearbook is completely done by the boys, a tutoring system has been set up, the selling of hockey equipment and the organizing of day boys' buses is done by boys. But the school can only be as good as the boys in it and this year I feel that, besides the largest, we have had, the best group of boys ever.

It has been a lot of fun and a very memorable experience being at the school and being school captain. I am glad that this opportunity is open to other boys through the Red River Scholarships offered by the school. I would like to thank the prefects, the junior prefects, the boys and the staff for making my job a pleasurable experience.

Rick Lauder
School Captain



The Upper School

ACTIVITIES



Prize Winners
1963

SPECIAL PRIZES

His Excellency the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency ..... Gordon Greeniaus
British Public Schools' Prize ..... John Bowles — Form VI Upper
Walter Burman Prize for Latin ..... Roger Lucy — Form IV Upper
Thomas Harland Memorial Prize for Science and Mathematics ..... Not Awarded
Dorothy Hoskin Memorial Prize for English ..... George Low — Form V Upper
Board of Governors' Medal for Lower School ..... Charles Paterson — Form 7 Lower
Frederick Johnson Memorial Prize ..... John Bowles — Form VI Upper
Norman Young English and History Prize ..... Gordon Greeniaus, 1962
J. L. Doupe Prize for Mathematics ..... David Fitzjohn — Form III-A
McEachern Memorial Science Prizes ..... James Ramsay — Form II-A
Bill Cottick — Form III-A
Jean Joy Memorial English Prize ..... Peter Little, 1962
P. H. A. Wykes Mathematics Prize ..... Philip Dodd — Form IV
Lower School Prize for Mathematics and English .... Charles Martin — Form 7 EW
Nigel Lester — Form 7 EW
Frederick W. Drewry Scholarship ..... Not Awarded
Walter J. Burman and Associates Prize ..... Philip Dodd — Form IV
Lower School Honours Trophy ..... Hamber House
Master's Shield for Total House Points ..... Young House
The "Eagles" Prize ..... George Low — Form V
Photography Prize ..... Andrew Little — Form V
Chown Prize for Music ..... Donald Askholm — Form 7 EW
Lower School Scripture Prize ..... Arthur Schmidt — Form 7 EW
Lower School Spelling Cup ..... Arthur Schmidt — Form 7 EW

FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Form I Lower ..... Mark Bredin
Form II Lower ..... Stuart Guest
Form III Lower ..... John Beech
Form IV Lower ..... Michael Hammond
Form V Lower .. Scott McPherson
Form VI Lower ..... Jack Gemmel
Form VII EW. ..... Nigel Lester
Form VII Lower .... Blair Carlson, Chris Diamond
Form II-A Upper .... Dennis Riley
Form II-B Upper Douglas Waters
Form III-A Upper .... Bill Cottick
Form III-B Upper ..... Douglas Macdonald
Form IV Upper ..... Philip Dodd

Prize Giving

The annual prize giving ceremonies took place in the dining room of Hamber Hall on Friday, June 14th. The ceremonies opened with the singing of O'Canada, after which Mr. James A. Richardson, Chairman of the Board of Governors, spoke to the gathering on the accomplishments of the school in the past year and of the projects to be accomplished in the future.

After a short speech by Mr. Gordon the prizes were announced and presented. Mr. Gordon then presented the school pins to the graduates and John Bowles announced that Rick Lauder would be our School Captain during the '63-'64 year.

The ceremonies were concluded with the singing of the School hymn, and the Queen.

Speakers at the School

Physics of Environment—Dr. Cameron

Dr. Cameron, who is an old boy of the school, paid us a visit this year and lectured the senior forms on the Physics of Environment. Since leaving the school, Dr. Cameron has become a Graduate of the University of Manitoba, earning an honours Bachelor of Science degree there. He then attended the University of Iowa where he obtained his Master of Science degree. He completed his university education receiving his Doctorate of Science at the University of Saskatchewan. Dr. Cameron has worked for the Government at the Atomic Energy plant at Chalk River, Ontario. He is now employed at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in New York.

Civil Service—Mr. A. Heeney

Mr. Arnold Heeney visited the school as an old boy this year and was impressed with how much and how well it has developed since his school days. Mr. Heeney is at present the chairman of the International Joint Commission on Waterways and has twice been Canadian Ambassador in Washington. Mr. Heeney talked to the fourth, fifth and sixth forms on the Canadian Civil Service and the careers which it offers. He spoke on the different phases of the Civil Service and the many fields of study which are used in the different works of the civil service. The foreign service took up the majority of his talk in answering the many questions put to him by interested boys.

Tutor's Report

In this the second year of the tutorial system, more than twice as many boys were involved as in last year's organization. The number of students comprised more than two-thirds of the upper school, there were twenty-six tutors and eighty-five tutees. The tutorial system was devised to allow those pupils who have trouble in any subject to receive help from fellow students. It was understood that the boy could receive assistance from fellow students more easily than from teachers because the former would be available at more convenient times and the tutees would not be afraid to ask questions at any time. The result of the work of the tutors were made evident in the Christmas and Easter examinations, and these results have been more gratifying. The basis for the success of the system has been the cooperation between the tutor and the tutee.

RICHARD CONDO,
Head Tutor.

Ladies' Guild

Greetings and congratulations to the graduating class of 1964 from the Mothers' Guild of St. John's-Ravenscourt School.

This year the Guild has reflected in its expanding membership the increase of the enrolment at the school. It too has felt the pinch of vast crowds in restricted quarters and moves to cope with the situation.

The Christmas dance, which was a great success in every way, must look for expansion area as the school grows. The Spring Tea finds its sitting in Hamber Hall and on the school grounds, for it was felt that the tea guests would enjoy the opportunity to visit the school during its session and rejoice in the space it affords. Both these events represent the major fund-raising activities of the Guild as well as the main social events of that organization.

This year the funds raised have been directed toward up-dating the library with a grant for books and furniture; a donation for recordings of music and plays for the new stereo-phonic machine recently installed in Hamber Hall; a gift of five small sized rifles for the use of lower school on the rifle range; linen banquet clothes for the dining tables and the launching of a pilot project in future furnishing of recreational areas in the school by the purchase of chairs and a couch for the T.V. room in Thompson House.

It has been a full and active year for the Guild in its plans and activities on behalf of this growing institution.

MRS. J. M. LEDERMAN,
President.

Fathers' and Sons' Weekend

The Fathers' and Sons' weekend, which originally grew out of the father and sons banquet, has developed with the school to become an important part of the school year; fathers are able to come out and see the school for themselves and sons can show their fathers the activities which they themselves organize and take part in.

This year it was held 19th and 20th of October. The weather was unusually mild which was a great boom to the sports activities; from the point of view of the participants and spectators.

The weekend officially opened at 9:30 on Saturday morning with coffee in the dining hall for the fathers. There they were welcomed by Rob Matthews and were given the run-down of the day's activities. Well braced against the morning chill they went to watch and participate in day's events.

At 10:00 the sports activities were started with various games of football and soccer. The Bantam football team played a close game against Transcona and come out on top 26-19. Some old boys made up a soccer team and prepared themselves for a push-over battle against the Senior Soccer team. Little drilled a long shot into their net to set a lasting score of 1-0. The Jr. Soccer team tied Norberry 2-2.

There was a shooting competition with the fathers victorious in both the Upper and Lower School. For less strenuous activity the horseshoe pits were available to the fathers and sons throughout the day.

The Lower School put on an art display which was enjoyed by both fathers and sons.

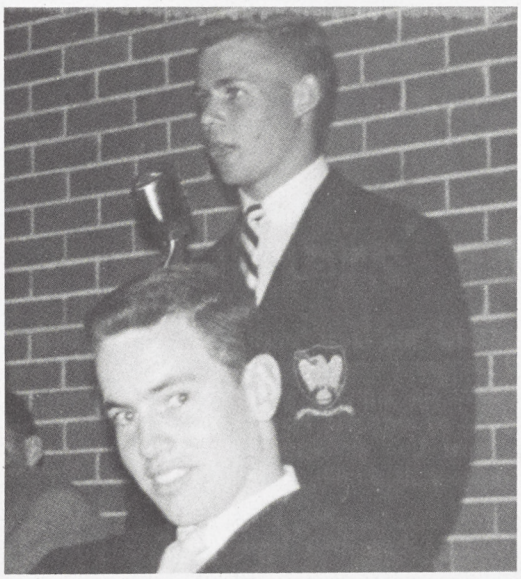
The highlight of the sports activities was the senior football game against Portage. Although we lost 14-7 there were some moments of fine play by our team, particularly by John Elwood, who for many days later was sporting a sling.

Because of the mad rush which resulted on other fathers and sons banquets from everyone trying to enter the dining hall by the main entrance, tomato juice cocktails were served in the Science wing. The assembly was then piped into the dining hall by Robert Weir. After an excellent roast beef dinner, Rick Lauder, the School Captain, made a speech and presented a toast to the fathers.

Afterwards the fathers and sons retired to the gym for entertainment. The traditional magician show was certainly enjoyed by all the younger boys, some of whom assisted the magician and received souvenir playing cards. After the magician left the stage Mr. Gordon directed a little game with a turkey as the prize. Contestants were made eligible by possessing a 1943 penny, by singing, by making a speech or other such nonsense. They were then eliminated until five players were left. Each of these players were given a balloon and the one that burst it first by blowing won the turkey. Lower School fathers then tried to identify their masked sons and it was proved that most fathers really don't know their own sons.

The next day Canon Kelly foresided over the chapel service which was attended by the boarders and their fathers.

After coffee was served the weekend was ended with an inter-provincial tug-of-war, Manitoba emerging victorious over the rest of Canada; Alberta, I believe, came last.







The Thompson Four



Caliban

IAGBWW

On March 20th, IAGBWW (pronounced Yagboo) had its premiere in the assembly hall of Ravenscourt. The show opened with our chorus led by Mr. Yagboo (Derek Lloyd). The fun-filled crew boomed out the chorus under the direction of Mr. Gordon and Mr. Hammond and set the audience in a patient mood for the acts.

Coming to Yagboo from previous engagements at the Winter Club and a A.Y.P.A. gathering was a folk-singing group, "The Thompson Four". This group, consisting of Ron Kantor, Robie Thorn, Andy Little and Rick Condo with Andy and Rick at the guitars, was well received.

IAGBWW shed a new light on the Monkey's Paw, with Papa's irregular pitch of voice, Mama's charming poise, Sonny's microcephalic oddity, the Sarge's ideas, especially when it comes to putting on coats, and with the humourous undertaker, it became somewhat of a comical tragedy. Dramatis Personae: Bill Ramsay, Rick Matthews, Derek Funnell, Philip Dodd, and Aaron Swartz.

The Modern Jazz Quartet, consisting of Ron Kantor on the drums, Al Tucker on the electric bass, and Homer Tillenius and Aaron Swartz on clarinets played two numbers to an attentive audience. The clarinetists were conservatively attired in silver larne.

Mark Jackman, a piano student of Grade VI level, is working his way up through classical music with the help of Mr. Lincoln. Mark performed two, light classical pieces in IAGBWW with a good measure of success.

Then the group we had all been waiting for came on; the Larvae. This fantastically talented group, overseas from Cessepool, England staged a

The Iagbww Cast



magnificent performance. Few faults could be found by the multitude of hysterical fans, except for Lingo's injury sustained from a flying jellybean. Lingo (Chris Wilson) drummed up excitement but John Lemon's (Derek Lloyd) taste in shoes was rather sour. Paul (Pete Greene) managed to bear the fact that his guitar had only one string and George's (Chris Dougall) tonsils survived severe bruises from the microphone. The Larvae left behind them several ecstatic fans (The Waudbys) and a curious clump of hair on the bass drum, discovered by the stage hands.

Ravenscourt's contribution to the celebration of Shakespeare's 400th Anniversary was a scene from his last play: The Tempest. Featured in this scene, introduced by Bill Gardner, were Aaron Swartz, as the deformed slave Caliban, Neil Duncan, as the jester Frinculo, and Bill Cottick as the drunken butler Stephano. The boys put on a brilliant performance and much thanks is due to Mr. Hammond for his patience and perseverance in directing.

The Homarrons, comprised of the two renowned clarinetists Homer Tillenius and Aaron Swartz, provided some enlightening classical entertainment. They played two pieces, Ferling's duet in C major and the Clarinet Polka. Both were enthusiastically received.

The production was ended with the chorus and an explanation of the word Iagbww — It's a Great Big Wonderful World. We had a wonderful audience, and ourselves, we thoroughly enjoyed acting our parts.

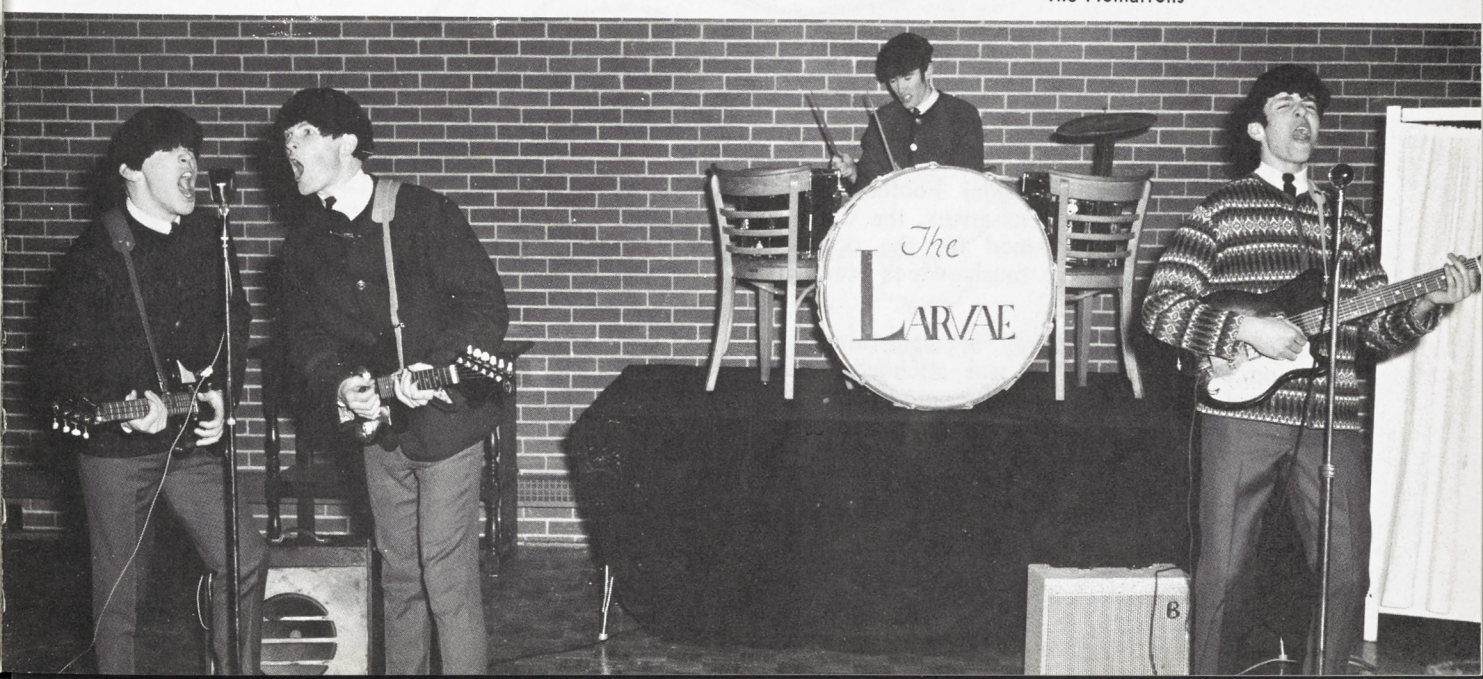
We would like to thank Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hammond, Walter, Mrs. Maurer, Miss House, Mrs. Hebert, Glasgow and Rodger for all they have done to make the show a success.



The Monkey's Paw



The Homarrons



The Larvae



Carol Service

On December fifteenth parents, boys, and friends of the school gathered to carol in the festive season. This year a real effort was put forth to make it one of the best on record. Practices were held each morning for a week before the service under the direction of Mr. Ainley, who worked to make a top notch performance. The ceremony consisted of a nine lesson carol service, with the nine lessons being read by a Lower School boy, Stewart Searle, an Upper School boy, Bill Cottick, a Prefect, Barry Sullivan, the School Captain, Rick Lauder, the Headmaster, Mr. Gordon, the Headmaster of Lower School, Mr. Kiddell, the assistant headmaster, Mr. Bredin, an old boy, Dougall MacBeath, and the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Richardson. The School Choir sang well indeed, and especially notable was a solo by Edward Orton.

Football Dance

On October ninth the annual Football Dance was held in the library and its annex, the whole of Thompson House was cleaned for the occasion. Everyone approved of the music which was supplied by records.

The dance got under way at eight-thirty and broke up around eleven. It was attended by the members of the Senior Football team and its more staunch supporters. In spite of the frigidity of the evening outside everyone had a good time. The highlights of the evening, from some peoples point of view, was the rationing out of drinks and doughnuts by Bill Ramsay and also Ron Kantor's rather unusual dancing, which was contrary to the trend of the evening.

After the dance a party was held at Tucker's. We would like to thank them for a fine conclusion to the evening.

SPORTS



Senior Football



BACK ROW: Mr. McDermid, Condo, Rodger, Hammond, Boult, Hunter, Everett, Neal, Cousins, Arnett, Rick Matthews, Knox, Mr. Bredin.

MIDDLE ROW: Schotch, Ian Hartley, Weir, Brook, Sullivan, Stovel, Mike Hartley, Wattam, Lamb, Roper, Elwood.
FRONT ROW: Funnell, Thorn, Moncrieff, Lauder, Dougall, Greene, Jock McDonald, Tucker, Sprague, Lloyd.



ARNETT 150D. End + Tackle
Randy developed into the team's most reliable defensive end. He could get into the opposition backfield quickly and he tackled very effectively. Sometimes he shot too soon, but that was the only fault.



BOULT 155 I.L. + Guard
Everything a top lineman should have is here: powerful drive-out blocking, thumping, tackles, and aggressive toughness.



BROCK 185 Tackle
A first year learner with lots of potential. Mike was made the right size for the game, was willing to work, and so begins next season with some experience, and the year after that should be a real opposition crusher.



CONDO 160 D. End
Very steady and competent play for his second year at the game. From his end Richard could always be relied on to drive the play to the sidelines or to force it up close into tackle.



COUSINS 160 Tackle
Kent played exceptionally well for a first year senior. He coped with heftier opponents; he tackled with some authority. And he will do it all better for two more years.



DOUGALL 170 O. + D. Centre
Rock solid at centre offence and defense. Fast for a lineman. A fine finishing year.



ELWOOD 160 Fullback
One of the best plunging backs to play on the senior team. John had surprising drive and speed, and loads of competitive spirit — a gritty never-give-up footballer. Also very useful at corner defense.



EVERETT 135 Tertiary
Bill didn't see much play at tertiary; but it's a good spot to do some useful learning in practice sessions. In spite of his lightness and slowness Bill learned to tackle.



FRASER 170 O. Centre
At offensive centre Clark was strong, steady and capable, and was fast on defence for a big fellow. Generally at football he dropped his every day, quiet, polite, gentlemanly manner which masks his inner toughness and durability.



FUNNELL 150 O. End
A good start at offensive end — Derek has catching hands, is middling fast, and is rather a strong and shifty runner.



GREENE 175 I.L. + O. Tackle
The season's service has to rate as a veteran performance; and that is tops.



HAMMOND 160 I.L. + O. Guard
The sockingest tackler on the team. There weren't many linemen Pete couldn't move out of the way and not many guys who could knock him down once and get away with it a second time.



HARTLEY, I. 135 O. Halfback
Good speed here, but with Lamb, McDonald, and the big brother running the end it was tough to break into the line-up. But a year's growth and filling out will put Ian in a regular spot next fall.



HARTLEY, M. 165 O. Halfback
Mike could really dangle around the end. He wasn't given the chance to learn or play much at defence; but that was mainly because the coach remembered a previous season's sore back and preferred to have an A-1 end-runner.



HUNTER 140 D. End
Mostly a learning year. Pete is smallish and rather light, not fast, but somewhere on next year's team there has to be a place for his kind of determination.



KNOX 135 D. End
Rather lean and light for the game, and not quite enamoured of its bashing intimidating quality.



LAMB 145 H.B.+Tertiary
A halfback with outstanding speed, no catching hands, and a trace of too much caution and occasional indifference. Craig could be a very strong defender, but his dander was not always up.



LAUDER 165 Q.Back
When the referee says, "That's a good boy you've got at quarterback," then he's got to be pretty fair. And he was a calm, thoughtful, front-line general, as well as being a first class defensive player.



LLOYD 160 O. End
A fair effort on offensive end. Derek's blocking was passable; he could certainly catch, and when he did, his slow, lanky upfield stomping was followed with some concern about his holding together.



MATTHEWS 160 H.B.+Tertiary
Rick was moved all through the backfield positions on purpose; he can chunk through the line; he can block, he can defend. Next year should be the productive one.



McDONALD 155 H.B.+L.B.
A speedy zinging end-runner. Jock tight-roping flat out along the side-lines was a grand sight. Also a first-string defender at corner or tertiary.



MONCRIEFF 140 Q.Back
Understudy to Lauder, Monty revealed lots of interesting possibilities at quarterback, especially the way he played against Gordon Bell. A bit short to throw from behind characters like Tucker but le Baron does it; a bit excitable, but now he stands on a year's play and that's a difference.



NEAL, J. 160 L.B.
Jim saw some corner defence work and was understandably unsure about what to do. He seemed willing, is plainly hard enough; he could be a useful player if he becomes familiar with the demands of the game.



RODGER 140 D. End
Another learner. Inexperience and a slight build made game play rather limited. Nick gave it a good try in practices. He could make a defensive end if tackling ability develops.



ROPER 160 Fullback+L.B.
Not very fast but a digging plunger, and often a nifty upfield blocker. Bob held the corner securely on defence. A cheery competitor.



SCHOTCH 160 Fullback
Peter performed usefully as a two or three back, considering it was his first year at Canadian rugby. He had strength, good hitting speed and some success as a tackler.



SPRAGUE 165 O.+D. Tackle
Another top notch graduate from the Bantam squad. Stuart was stalwart on defence; he pulled the trigger just a bit too soon on tackles, but he has size, courage, and much natural ability.



STOVEL 165 O. End
Bill can jump pretty high and can catch well. He gallops between defenders in preference to loping 'round them. A swell year at offensive play.



SULLIVAN 175 Fullback
The best running back on the team. No school back has ever hit the line quite so fast and therefore with such force. Barry had a nose for interceptions and improved considerably as a defender, though his tackling is far from the quality of his running and blocking.



THORN 195 O.+D. Tackle
Lots of beef in a solid package, and some agility too. Robie never quite did in games what he was capable of. For a few minutes in one practice he showed how he could have torn the opposition apart. A gentle bulk who did yeoman work.



TUCKER 195 O.+D. Tackle
Only someone who saw Al play in grade ten will realize how far he has come as a defensive and offensive tackle. This year he came back fit and hard, gave some leadership and set an example of rugged line play. A fine season.



WATTAM 195 O.+D. Tackle
Big, surprisingly fast, willing to mix it most of the time, quick to learn; a very respectable start, perhaps a natural player, and two seasons to go!



WEIR 165 D. Centre
Bob came on fast enough to take over at defensive centre at times. A very, very solid, willing and determined player.



COACH'S REPORT

One loss in six games and decisive wins over a couple of big schools made this season entirely successful. Probably the team was the most talented to go on the field in the last dozen years. It will likely be some time before we have such a collection of speedy backs again; four 10.5 or better 100 yard men give a quarterback ammunition to fire. There was strength, weight enough and lot of ability along the line: Tucker, Greene and Dougall formed a veteran triumvirate and the "new boys" up from the Bantams were fully capable of playing with them — or against them.

The team peaked against Gordon Bell; everything was done well. End-run pitchouts were crisp; the runners headed up-field behind sharp and well timed blocks by the two and three backs; the plungers rocketed into holes breached by the linemen; the pass plays connected; both defensive teams tackled well and not once in the second half did we call out the strong defence. It is too bad we weren't able to repeat the performance against Portage on the Fathers and Sons weekend.

But, by no means did the team play badly against Portage. The tackling that day was definitely below par; but also there were some demoralizing breaks: A fumbled pitch-out to a belly-back end run with poor blocking killed what was a fighting march up-field; Elwood's kick-off runback which would have put the team on its uppers again was nullified by an offside; and then we weren't at really full back field strength and health. So the game was a fair effort and a respectable end to a year of fine football.

Get fit for another one.



S.J.R. vs. ST. JAMES

The senior football team opened the season with a game at St. James. They started very shakely and found themselves down 6-0 at half time. In the second half the team started to roll and Mike Hartley put us on the scoreboard with an eight yard sprint around the end. Craig Lamb converted. As the game progressed the running of fullback Barry Sullivan showed and he moved the ball setting up Hartley's second touchdown which came again on a ten yard run around the right end. Craig Lamb again converted. Near the end of the game Bill Stovel pounded a towering punt which was fumbled by the St. James punt returner and recovered by Craig Lamb and Pete Greene. This set up a short plunge by fullback John Elwood for another major which rounded out the scoring giving S.J.R. a 20-6 victory.



S.J.R. vs. PORTAGE

S.J.R. started this game very well and in the first quarter hit with a touchdown when Jock McDonald whipped around the end for thirty yards. Craig Lamb converted. Late in the second quarter Portage got a break when they intercepted a S.J.R. aerial and raced fifty yards for a touchdown. It was converted tying the score 7-7 at half time. In the second half Portage grabbed the lead with an unconverted touchdown but their lead didn't last long as Barry Sullivan went sixty-five yards off tackle down the sidelines for a touchdown. The game ended in a tie, 13-13. Pete Greene, Rick Lauder and Al Tucker stood out on the S.J.R. defence, making tackle after tackle.

S.J.R. vs. GORDON BELL

Mr. Bredin organized an exhibition game with Gordon Bell, a team in the city league. S.J.R. took the kick off and four plays later Rick Lauder threw a twenty yard pass to Bill Stovel for a touchdown. Craig Lamb converted. This opening startled Gordon Bell and they couldn't get a steady attack going. In the second quarter fullback John Elwood went in for a touchdown from eight yards out. Rick Lauder converted and the half ended 14-0. In the third quarter Jock McDonald raced around the left end for another major score. Rick Lauder again converted. In the fourth quarter Mike Hartley made a beautiful ninety-seven yard run down the sidelines for a touchdown. The game ended 27-0 and Gordon Bell left the field hardly believing what had happened.





S.J.R. vs. PORTAGE

This game was played in front of all the fathers during the Fathers' and Sons' weekend, and we just never got going. This was the big game and the boys were obviously nervous as they started the game with a fumble. However S.J.R. hit the score board with a single by Bill Stovel but it was closely followed by a single for Portage and the half ended 1-1. In the second half a Portage fullback broke away for sixty-five yards for a touchdown, which went unconverted. S.J.R. bounced right back with a fifty yard pass and run effort by Bill Stovel and Rick Lauder. The touchdown was unconverted. S.J.R. got the ball again and started up the field but they fumbled, Portage picked it up, and marched for a touchdown which made the score 14-7 and that's how it ended.

S.J.R. vs. ST. JAMES

The second meeting between the two teams was held at S.J.R. It started almost like the first game with S.J.R. shaky in the first half and behind 7-0 at half time. In the second half St. James added a single to increase their lead. Finally in the fourth quarter S.J.R. hit the score board when Mike Hartley scampered thirty yards on a hook lateral for a touchdown. Rick Lauder converted. Right near the end of the game Barry Sullivan plunged over the line from seven yards out to put S.J.R. into the lead. Rick Lauder perfectly executed the kickoff which he recovered and S.J.R. was able to kill the clock and the score ended 13-8 in our favor.



Bantam Football



BACK ROW: Malabar, D. Kiddell, Elliot, Read, Nanson, J. Little, Campbell, Grey, Magnus, Mr. Wellard.
MIDDLE ROW: Rodger, McCallum, Schmidt, Malcomson, Gardner, Sprague, Cox, Rob Matthews.
FRONT ROW: Scrymgeour, Fenny, Trew, McDonald, Sanders, Sunquist, MacKay, J. Kiddell, Truelove.

This year's Bantams lacked the experience which makes a winning team. Having only three players from last year the team was relatively new to the game and needed much practice. The boys did not begin to work as a team until the end of the year, so they failed to make the playoffs. By virtue of a victory over Transcona on the Fathers' and Sons' weekend the team finished in fifth place.

In the consolation playoffs, the Eagles edged Transcona 19-18 in a hard-fought game. In the finals, the team lost to St. Vital.

This year the team was asked to play at half-time, during one of the Bomber games. Two short games were played in which Ravenscourt beat Transcona 6-0 and lost to St. Vital 6-0.

This season was a learning year and we hope that the team will do better next season. Stand-outs in the team were Fenny, McDonald, Sunquist, Sanders, and Gardner. Thanks go to our coaches: Mr. Wellard, Mr. DeJardin, and Rob Matthews, and to all those who gave their support to the team.





Senior Soccer



BACK ROW: Low, Little, Rankin, Graham, Kantor, Fox, Dodd, Mr. Ainley.
FRONT ROW: McBeath, Bourk, Wilson, Maters, Lay, Tillenius, D. Neal.

This year S.J.R. entered an inter-school cloverleaf soccer competition. Our first game was against Dakota at S.J.R. and an unexperienced S.J.R. had three goals scored on them in the first half. We then settled down to hold Dakota to a scoreless second half. The second game also at S.J.R. was versus St. James. Both opposing goals were scored in the first half, in the second Al Graham got the first goal of the season on a penalty kick. The third game was played at Glenlawn. The Glenlawn team overpowered S.J.R. in the first half, firing in three high goals. Showing more life in the second half S.J.R. played more of Glenlawn's type of soccer and with a few minutes to go Graham scored on a penalty shot ending the game 3-1. The fourth game was against Silver Heights at S.J.R., MacBeath scored early in the first half and we held this lead until late in the second half when Silver Heights, tied up the game. S.J.R. fought desperately to break the tie but failed. We got into the playoffs, however, due to Silver Heights default to St. James.

S.J.R. entered the playoffs against first place Dakota at S.J.R. Dakota scored early in the game but a goal by Graham sent a worried Dakota team to the sidelines at half time. Dakota finally took the lead again in the second half and a tired S.J.R. was to let two more goals in before the game ended.

This year there was a junior team for those boys who wanted to play soccer but were not experienced enough for the senior team. Mr. Bansfield coached the team on the fundamentals of the game and arranged for some outside games.

The team lost their first game against Grant Park 3-0. The Norberry team played S.J.R. twice, winning both games. Towards the end of the season, having gained some experience, the team played a close game against Verennes but were defeated 1-0. The season ended with another loss to a team under Mr. Walinski, the score was 2-0.



Six Man Football



BACK ROW: Schmidt, Jessiman, Mctavish.
FRONT ROW: Riley, Everett, Richardson.

This fall Mr. Bredin organized a sixman league for the boys who were too young to play Bantam football. The boys were divided into five teams captained by David Everett, George Little, Bob Williams, Doug Lang and Allen McTavish. The teams played every day after school, their games were refereed by two different senior players each day. In the end Lang's and Little's teams played off in the final with Little's team coming out the victors with a score of 8-7.

Intermediate House Football

Intermediate house football was played by the boys who had played Bantam football all year. There was only time for three games. Hamber, captained by Bill Gardner proved superior to Young, captained by Terry Read and to Richardson, captained by Bob Sanders. Hamber was the winner, Richardson was second and Young house was last.



BACK ROW: McCallum, Cottick, Nanson, Magnus, Cox.
FRONT ROW: Elliot, Gardner, Schmidt, Trew, Kiddell.

Junior House Football



BACK ROW: Rostaoker, Schmidt, Martin, Doerr, Andison.
FRONT ROW: Simmons, Little, Riley, Simmons.

Junior house football was played at the end of the season by the boys who played six man football and the Young House team, captained by Bob Williams came out on top. Hamber House, captained by Bob Lederman claimed second place by defeating the Richardson House team which was captained by George Little.

Senior House Football

This year Richardson House led by the senior team's starting line-up edged out the other two houses in a post season playoff for house football. In the first game which put Richardson House against Hamber the score was a close 35—6 despite the efforts of Hambers backfield Robie "Rhino" Thorn and "Hippo" Tucker. These two speedy backs used their great outside speed to provide many a spectacular play but to no avail. The next game featured Richardson against Young. This game featured a new type of offense, the spread, sparkled by Wild Bill Stovel and Kantor. However, Young's shotgun defense was unable to stop Mike Hartley who rambled for five touchdowns, to give Richardson a slight edge. In the final game the giants met in a showdown. Led by the rushes of Crunching Chris Dougall and Death Hammond, Young got its first victory in three years.



BACK ROW: Weir, Boult, Cousins, Wilson, Brooks, Elwood, Wattam.
FRONT ROW: Schotch, Hartley, Moncrieff, Lauder, Greene, Roper, Matthews.

Junior House Hockey



BACK ROW: Williams, Everett, Bows, Smith.
FRONT ROW: Kennedy, Little, Leatherdale, Kiddell, Riley.
MISSING: Levesque, Read, Gray.

Junior House Hockey finally made a firm footing for itself this year. In previous years it had had a haphazard schedule with no real order. This year it was given definite times and days for playing. The season was shorter than it might have been but this did not prevent the teams from showing their worth. Although Richardson House put up a good fight, Young and Hamber both beat it. The teams from Young and Hamber were fairly evenly matched throughout the season and there had to be a playoff as there was a tie in points. Young won the first game 4 — 3 and went on to win the second 5 — 3.

Senior House Soccer

Senior House Soccer was again played late in the season after the regular football and soccer season was over. This allowed only three games to decide who would take the championship. All games were played with a great deal of house spirit; the goals were few and the bruises plentiful. All in all everyone had fun.

In the first game Young lost by a single point to Richardson who went on to soundly trounce Hamber. Young obtained second place by also trouncing the Hamber team. Unfortunately bad weather prevented a playoff and Richardson took first place.



BACK ROW: Hartley, McBeath, Boult, Cousins, Weir, Purdy, Greene.
FRONT ROW: Roper, Moncrieff, Wilson, Lauder, Matthews, Tillenius.

Senior Hockey



BACK ROW: Sullivan, Hartley, Boult, Graham, McDonald, Moncrieff, Elwood.
FRONT ROW: Lamb, Dougall, Matthews, Stovel.
MISSING: Kennedy, Rostoker, Vale.

This year the senior hockey team, coached by Mr. McDermid, played some of the top juvenile teams from the city league. After two practices we played our first game against A.R.S. and came up with a tie. After Christmas we tangled with other juvenile teams such as Deer Lodge, Silver Heights and Norwood.

On one Sunday afternoon we ran up against a hot Old Boys' team out for blood. Before we knew it we were behind 6 — 0 and we made a fantastic comeback to 7 — 7 but with five seconds to go Chat Mitchell made it possible for the Old Boys to stagger off the ice with an undeserved 8 — 7 win.

Barry Sullivan and Mike Hartley were the team's top scorers. Rob Matthews who was relieved from goal tending by Chris Dougall with three games to go added a few garbage goals. John Elwood tried his best to score goals, Bill Stovel made some rushes and Craig Kennedy played just to have fun. The whole team would like to thank Mr. McDermid for arranging and for teaching us the modern style of hockey making this a very successful season.

S.J.R.	3	—	Assiniboia	3
S.J.R.	2	—	Silver Heights	2
S.J.R.	7	—	Old Boys	8
S.J.R.	6	—	Norwood	4
S.J.R.	2	—	St. John's College	4
S.J.R.	4	—	Deer Lodge	7
S.J.R.	3	—	Assiniboia	6
S.J.R.	2	—	River Heights	2
S.J.R.	5	—	Assiniboia	6
S.J.R.	4	—	Norwood	4
S.J.R.	3	—	Silver Heights	6





BOULT — **Defence**



DOUGALL — **Defence-Goal**



ELWOOD — **Left Wing**



GRAHAM — **Left Wing**



HARTLEY — **Right Wing**



KENNEDY — **Centre**



LAMB — **Right Wing**



MATTHEWS — **Goal-Left Wing**



McDONALD — **Left Wing**



MONCRIEFF — **Centre**



ROSTOKER — **Goal**



STOVEL — **Defence**



SULLIVAN — **Defence**



VALE — **Left Wing**



COACH'S REPORT

The Senior boys played a great deal of hockey this year, organized and otherwise. The enthusiasm shown was very catching and I think everyone had a great deal of fun. We played some very good city teams and I think our record belies the calibre of players we had. I did not organize the team as well as I might have had we been playing in a league. However, I hope the boys learned one half as much as I did during the year. Thanks boys for giving the "rookie" coach an excellent first year.

N. McDermid

Midget Hockey



BACK ROW: Hartley, Funnell, Lloyd, Everett, Matthews, Mr. Bredin.
FRONT ROW: Bell, Cousins, Hunter, Roper, Scrymgeour.
MISSING: Bourk, McBeath, Laing, Farquhar, Hammond, Weir.

The Midget team this year was a strange collection of players who joined the team to play in a new league consisting of College de Sainte-Boniface, Assiniboia Residential School and Mennonite Educational Institute. The result was a second place finish and defeat in the semi-finals to Assiniboia.

The team was not as efficient as it could have been, however, we played just for the fun of it. The lack of success was due, perhaps, to the fact that the players weren't in shape, the team practised only twice a week and the team was small. Our final record was four wins, five losses and two ties. It could have been better. There was a lot of bad luck in the games against St. Boniface Westridge.

Thanks goes to Mr. Bredin who arranged for the games and was a most loyal coach throughout the season.

S.J.R. 7	M.E.I.	1
S.J.R. 2	A.R.S.	1
S.J.R. 0	St. Boniface College	3
S.J.R. 1	St. Boniface College	3
S.J.R. 10	M.E.I.	2
S.J.R. 3	A.R.S.	4
S.J.R. 2	A.R.S.	2
S.J.R. 1	A.R.S.	4
S.J.R. 2	Sir John Franklin	1
S.J.R. 2	Westridge	2
S.J.R. 0	Westridge	1



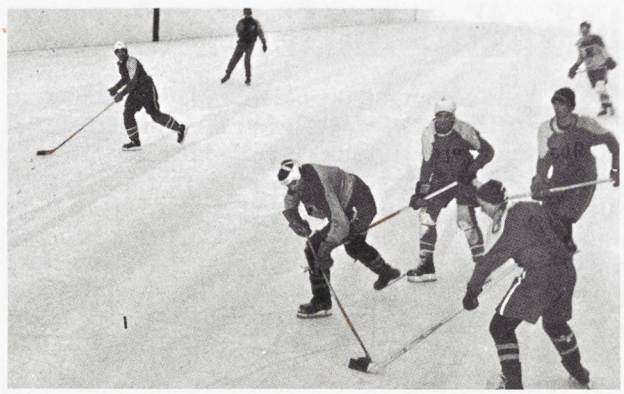


Senior House Hockey



BACK ROW: Sullivan, Lamb, Everett, Ramsay.
FRONT ROW: Matthews, Bell, McDonald.
MISSING: Laing, Farquhar, Bourk, Rostoker.

Senior House Hockey began this year right after the ice came in and extended to a week before the Easter Exams. Each house had twelve games. The result of the season gave Hamber a closely contested victory. Led by the chief garbage man Sid Matthews and his majesty Princess Weyburn, Hamber was able to win every game of the season for its fifth straight title. Young led by playmaker Bill Stovel and Craig Kennedy who told us he plays hockey just for the fun of it was second with three wins and three ties. Richardson despite the efforts of Willie O'Ree's cousin Mike managed only ties for a third place standing. At the annual awards dinner, Craig Kennedy gave himself the most valuable players trophy while other awards went to Lauder (dirtiest defenseman), Greene (luckiest goalie), Lloyd (worst referee), and Elwood (most organized player). All in all it was a year of fun for Hamber.





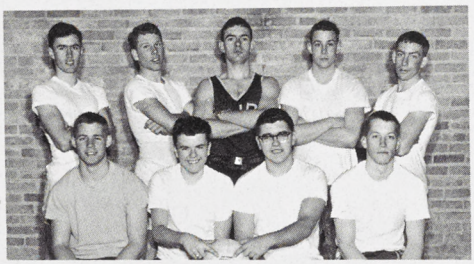
Bantam A Hockey



BACK ROW: Mr. Ainley, Campbell, Williams, Everett, McCallum, Powell.
FRONT ROW: Fenny, Magnus, Kennedy, Kinsey, Sanders.
MISSING: Golightly, Read, Kiddell, Levesque.

The whole Bantam A team played with great determination and spirit but achieved only moderate success this season. Of the ten games played, the team won four, tied one and lost five. We defeated Windsor and Norwood twice each and lost twice each to Norberry and Winakwa. The games against Winakwa can best be forgotten; just look at the scores. Against Norberry the team tied and lost.

The team entered a league that was unsuitable for transportation because the teams were in St. Vital and St. Boniface. We would like to thank Mr. Ainley for chauffeuring us as well as coaching. We would also like to thank Mr. McDermid for coming to the practices to instruct us.



BACK ROW: Wilson, Roper, Schotch, Matthews, Moncrieff.
FRONT ROW: Lauder, Purdy, Wattam, Greene.

Schedule:

Norberry 2	S.J.R. 1
Windsor 1	S.J.R. 2
Glenlawn 6	S.J.R. 6
Winakwa 9	S.J.R. 2
Winakwa 9	S.J.R. 0
Norwood 3	S.J.R. 7
Glenwood 4	S.J.R. 2
Norwood 5	S.J.R. 2
Windsor 2	S.J.R. 4

Senior House Volleyball

At the beginning of the season, it looked as though Richardson would wind up undefeated, but they dropped two games to Hamber towards the end of the schedule. Richardson's first place position obliged them to play Hamber in a best-of-three series. They won the closely fought first game and then dropped what they thought to be a sure win. The third game gave Richardson the championship of what was felt to be a satisfying season of volleyball.

Bantam B Hockey



BACK ROW: Mr. Bredin, McCreanor, Boult, Smith, Bowes, Maise, Mr. Wellard.
FRONT ROW: Semans, Little, Leatherdale, Kiddell, Riley.
MISSING: Carter, Simmons.

The team started off the season with a victory over Fort Garry and then slid down with four straight loses. A tie with Fort Garry raised the team's waining spirit a bit but not much until we made a brilliant comeback against Westridge by trouncing them 3-1 after losing to them 7-1 earlier in the season. Finally with the winning of this game the team found that it had broken its losing streak which had started as far back as Playground C. A tie with Wildwood Park did not lessen the team's spirit but with a loss to Roblin Park ended the team's hope of making the playoffs.

In the last game we came up with a tie with Windsor. All exhibition games were lost. The whole team would like to thank Mr. Bredin, Mr. Wellard, Barry Sullivan, Rob Matthews and Bill Stovel for their support in coaching and managing.

League Games:

Fort Garry 1	S.J.R. 3
Westridge 7	S.J.R. 0
Wildwood 6	S.J.R. 0
Roblin Park 4	S.J.R. 0
Windsor 7	S.J.R. 1
Fort Garry 1	S.J.R. 1
Westridge 1	S.J.R. 3
Wildwood 2	S.J.R. 2
Roblin Park 6	S.J.R. 2
Windsor 4	S.J.R. 4

Exhibition Games:

St. Boniface College 3	S.J.R. 1
St. Boniface College 2	S.J.R. 0
Lord Roberts 6	S.J.R. 1

Junior House Basketball

Richardson House dominated Young and Hamber for the main part of the season and Young edged out Young to get in the finals.

In the final game D. MacDonald opened the scoring for Richardson on a foul shot, later followed by a field goal making the score 3-0. J. MacDonald scored for Young ending the half 3-1 for Richardson. In the second half D. MacDonald increased the lead to 5-1 but before the game ended Freed had scored two field goals to tie the game at 5-5. In the overtime play, G. Little and D. MacDonald both scored field goals to end the game 9-5 in favor of Richardson.



BACK ROW: MacDonald, Brook.
FRONT ROW: Wilson, Little, Duncan.

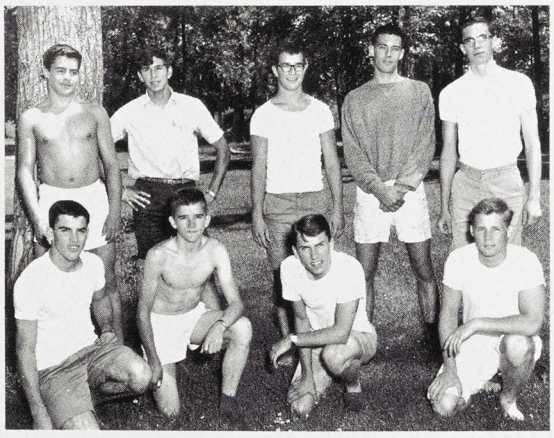
Track and Field

The 1963 track and field season was highly successful, with a total of fourteen records set or broken. A new division came into being when the large Intermediate group was divided into Intermediate A and B.

Young House did well in track and field as usual which helped it to capture the Master's shield. The individual champions were Jock McDonald for Hamber in the senior division, Bill Farquhar for Hamber, in the Intermedate A division, Terry Read in the intermediate B division and Doug Kiddell for Young in the junior division.

New Records — 1963

Senior;		
220 yards	24 sec.	Ron Kantor
High Jump	5'7"	Bill Stovel
Broad Jump	19'5¾"	Ron Kantor
Pole Vault	10'6"	Bill Stovel
Discus	120'7½"	Rick Lauder
Intermediate A;		
Mile	5 min. 27.2 sec.	Bill Farquhar
Discus	103'4½"	Bill Farquhar
Javelin	132'8"	Bob Roper
Intermediate B;		
880 yards	2 min. 30.2 sec.	Terry Read
Mile	5 min. 34 sec.	John Kiddell
Pole Vault	6'7"	Ken Sunquist
4 x 110 yards Relay	57.6 sec.	MacKay, Sanders, Campbell, Kirby.
Junior;		
Mile	6 min. 36.5 sec.	Doug Kiddell
Pole Vault	4'11½"	Doug Kiddell



BACK ROW: Hartley Kantor, Sullivan, Stovel, Greeniaus.
FRONT ROW: McDonald, Low, Maters, Lauder.

Provincial Track Meet

The school track team did quite well in the provincial track and field meet held at Sargent Park in June of '63. Rick Lauder smashed a provincial record in the discus event with a throw of 120'7¼". Jock McDonald claimed first place in both the broad jump and the hop, step. Ron Kantor came second in both the broad jump and the hop, step and jump in his division and Craig Lamb came second in the 100 yards. Claiming thirds for S.J.R. were Bill Stovel in the Pole vault and high jump and Barry Sullivan in 220 yds.

This year with Mr. Bansfield's organization of a track team the '64 track season looks promising.

Cross-Country



BACK ROW: Mr. Ainley, Bourk, Graham, Rankin.
FRONT ROW: Kiddell, Maters, Low, Lay.
MISSING: Farquahar, Schluderman, Moncrieff, Duncan.

Last fall a cross-country team was organized by Mr. Ainley. We ran competition every Wednesday with the scoring worked on a team basis. The first five places in each race were added up for each race. The team with the lowest total at the end of the season were the champions.

We ran well over an easy course at St. Vital Park to begin the season with a low total. Low took second place followed by Graham third and Maters sixth. Our advantage in our home race was nullified because one of our strong runners, Al Graham was injured in soccer. However, we managed to take a close third place with Low puffing in first, and Maters third. The third trial at Dakota, was cut short a half mile by the lead man. Low dropped to third place and Maters to seventh. Westwood was our downfall, the wind was icy, and the course was shortened, this time by a good mile. Maters took fifth place followed up close by Low and Graham and Farquahar. We failed to regain our first place in the last race at St. Vital park. Low came second and Graham eighth. Overall S.J.R. took second place to Glenlawn.

Indoor Track Meet

A small track team, consisting of Kantor in the 60 yard dash, Stovel and Lauder in the pole vault and high jump and Low and Schluderman in the mile was entered in the Indoor Track Meet held at the arena on January 25th. After trials at Minto Armouries we all went on to the arena where Kantor placed third in the 60 yard dash and Stovel first in the pole vault and Lauder third. Ron Kantor went on to run in the men's 60 that night and placed fifth with a time of 6.3 sec. Thanks Ron for organization and transportation.





Senior Basketball



BACK ROW: Condo, Lloyd, Schotch, Thorn, Arnett.
FRONT ROW: Purdy, Lauder, Greene, Dodd.
MISSING: Fox.

After weeks of tiresome practice, we came up against, in our first game, the Stewart Bros. and Co. who, in a tight defensive battle, managed to squeak out a win.

We dropped our two next exhibition games to M.B.C.I. and Glenlawn and then came on strong to utterly demolish the conceited and high-hoping Senior Hockey team by the overwhelming score of 21 — 14.

Arnett won the white cane award this year. Mickey loves travelling and does it expertly. Cranial injuries from bumping his head on the beams kept Dodd from regular play. Greene is fabulous; no other adjective could describe him. Kantor is too slow for organized basketball; a terrific dribbler. Schotch is our fast-break lay-up man and usually pulls thru in rough spots.



BACK ROW: Purdy, Lauder, Schotch, Greene.
FRONT ROW: Wilson, Wattam.

Lauder is not tall enough to be fabulous, but is an up and coming fouler. Lloyd is strictly a sub. and bench-warmer. Purdy is short, but fast and very accurate. Rodger's enthusiasm led us to many a victory. Thorn is very speedy and knows how to shift from double-dribbling to travelling. Walton shoots 100% in practice and 10% in games.

M.B.C.I. 56	S.J.R. 30
Glenlawn 40	S.J.R. 18
Stewart Bros. 48	S.J.R. 23
Sr. Hockey Team 14	S.J.R. 21

Senior House Basketball

After seeing last year's house basketball results it may well have been guessed that Richardson would win again this year. And we did. The victory was accomplished, however, not without strife from Hamber, occasionally from Young and mainly from the referees. We dropped one game to Mickey and the Rhino (snicker) and received friml type competition from Kantor.

Richardson House was again starred by Willy Wilson who was eager to demonstrate his tremendous co-ordination despite his height handicap. Other Richardson greats included Mike Fink and Porky the Penguin Wattam.

Upper School House Reports

Young House

For the last few years the competition for the Master's Shield for total house points has increased and with this increase has come greater house spirit.

At this time the three houses are quite close together in the race for the Shield. Young House came out just ahead of Hamber and Richardson after the football and soccer season, by getting second places in both senior events, a second in junior football and a first in junior soccer. In the winter sports Young also made a fairly good showing, by winning junior hockey and coming second in senior hockey. Thanks to the juniors who won volleyball and basketball, Young held its own in the Gym sports. A lot can happen in the spring when we participate in baseball and track and field, but if we do as well in these sports as we have done in former years, we'll have little trouble winning the Shield.

It has been a great privilege being Captain of Young House and I would like to thank our House Master, Mr. Ainley and the prefects; Derek Lloyd, Chris Dougall, and Derek Funnell and all members of the House who have helped make this year a successful one.

Bill Stovel,
House Captain.

Hamber House

This has been a meager year as far as house championships for Hamber are concerned. As usual Hamber won the Sr. House Hockey climaxing it with an undefeated season and its fifth straight title. The poor showing generally can be attributed to lack of capable juniors, however, they did come up with the Intermediate House Football Championship. In basketball and volleyball the seniors placed second in both while the juniors were last in their division. With the cross country and track and field coming in the spring term we hope to gain a measure of success, however, the juniors must pull their weight if this desired success is to be obtained. In future the members of Hamber House must endeavor to put a little more effort into their athletic activities if the Master's Shield is to rest where it belongs.

In closing we would like to thank Mr. Waudby for his loyal support and we hope that the House will be more successful in future years.

Rob Matthews and Barry Sullivan,
House Captains.

Richardson House

Real house spirit cannot be created by the enthusiasm of the house master, the house captain, and some senior boys in the house. The spirit must exist with every boy in the house even though he may not be a capable athlete. This year I feel that the senior half of Richardson House had this house spirit. Everyone has tried and so far we have, in the senior division, placed first in everything except hockey. — But to show that we could still go down fighting we whipped both Hamber and Young in a "brawl" after our last two games.

Our juniors have also made a fairly good showing; losses, I think, were due to the lack of enthusiasm, not to lack of ability. Many of our junior are good athletes and I have hopes that they will pull together and come out on top in track and field. In closing I would like to thank, on behalf of the house, Mr. Wellard for the support he has given us and Mr. Bansfield who has refereed many of the house games.

Rick Lauder,
House Captain.

Athletic Dinner

The annual Athletic Dinner was held in the dining hall on Friday, June 7th, near the end of the last term. After a delicious roast beef dinner, Mr. Marquardt, the guest speaker was introduced and after a short speech the trophies were awarded. Tension mounted at the three long tables as Mr. Gordon stalled with the presentation of the Master's shield for total House points. A roar went up as it was presented to Young House.

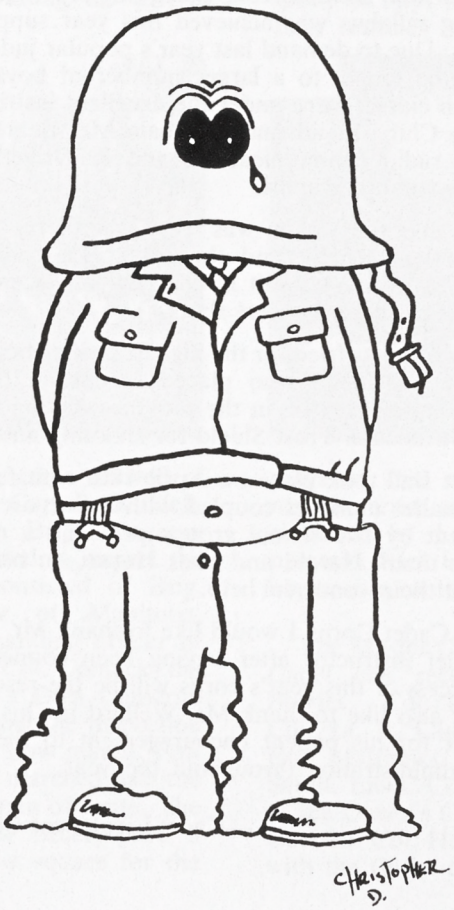
Awards

Moulden Memorial Trophy (Best Rugby Player) ..... Barry Sullivan
Midget All-Star Crests ..... Peter Greene, Barry Sullivan
Bantam All-Star Crests ..... Peter Hammond, Colin Moncrieff, Bob Roper
Cory Cup (Long Jump Championship) ..... Jock McDonald, Ron Kantor
Taylor Cup (High Jump Championship) ..... Bill Stovel
Desmond Cox Trophy (Open Mile Race) ..... Tom Maters
Templeton Trophy (Sr. Track and Field Championship) ..... Jock McDonald
Chisholm Trophy (Int. Track and Field Championship) ..... Bill Farquhar
School Trophy (Int. B Track and Field Championship) ..... Terry Read
Moulden Trophy (Jr. Track and Field Championship) ..... Doug Kiddell
Headlam Trophy (Lower School Track and Field Championship) ..... Robin King
Inter House Track and Field Trophy ..... Young House
Mills Trophy (Proficiency in Athletics and Academics) ..... Nigel Lester
Mermagen Cup (Sr. House Rugby) ..... Richardson House
Michael Reece Trophy (Intermediate House Rugby) ..... Young and Richardson
Osler Memorial Shield (Six-man Rugby) ..... Young House
N.H.L. Trophy (Sr. House Hockey) ..... Hamber House
Sellers Cup (Jr. House Hockey) ..... Hamber House
Chalice Trophy (Lower School House Hockey) ..... Young House
Cecil Askey Cup (House Soccer) ..... Richardson House
Masters' Trophy (House Basketball) ..... Richardson House
Weber Trophy (House Baseball) ..... Young House
Dingwall Trophy (House Cross Country) ..... Young House
Lowe Cup (Individual Cross Country) ..... George Low
Harland Trophy (House Shooting) ..... Hamber House
Headmaster's Trophy (House P.T.) ..... Richardson House
Hobson Memorial Shield (Lower School House Athletics) ..... Richardson House
Basil Baker Memorial Shield (Prof. and Sportsmanship in Hockey) ..... Craig Kennedy
Lestock Adams Memorial Shield (General Prof. in all Athletics) ..... Rick Lauder
Masters' Shield ..... Young House





CADETS



Commanding Officer's Report

This year Cadets was changed to Monday afternoon as over the years we seem to have become notorious for our Friday attitude. This was a successful year for the corps with our nominal role rising slightly over last year's to 128. The prescribed training syllabus was achieved this year supplemented by a wide range of option periods. Due to demand last year's popular judo club was converted to karate which could be taught to a larger number of boys. Judo thus became a Saturday option. Both classes were under the excellent instruction of Tug Wilson of the Winnipeg Judo Club. In advanced signals Mr. Beare instructed a group on the theory behind radio communications and in Driver and Mechanics the engine of the Cadet Car was taken apart.

The competition shooting team was very successful winning at last the Lieutenant Charles French trophy and the tri-service cadet match taking the O'Neill trophy. This was a direct result of the new range and improved facilities which have now produced several expert shots.

Once again several cadets tried for the highest proficiency award and qualified. the highest being Cdt./Lt. Dodd who placed second in the province. Overall last year the corps took second place in the province, taking the Physical Training trophy and the Lord Strathcona Trust Shield for shooting and qualification.

The annual Cadet Ball took place on April 18th with fewer people attending than last year. The smaller numbers coupled with a fine orchestra, fine food and additional entertainment by two school groups provided a much more enjoyable dance. I would like to thank Harold and Miss House, on behalf of all those who enjoyed themselves, for their wonderful help.

On behalf of the Cadet Corps I would like to thank Mr. Ainley, who returned to the position of chief instructor after having been connected with Cadets for several years. The success of this year's corps will be the result of his organization and patience. I would also like to thank Mr. Wellard for his help in the shooting, Staff Sergeant Poynter for his patient encouragement to the cadets, and Mr. A. Parker for faultless administration throughout the year.

—Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Jock McDonald

The Cadet Inspection

On Thursday, May 23, 1963, the St. John's Ravenscourt Cadet Corps formed up on the lower field for the annual Cadet Inspection. This was the climax to the year's work. Since the previous fall when the battalion had again begun its year it had met on Fridays to drill, to take classes on first aid, national survival, signalling, map reading and to learn the other necessities which make a cadet corps good. The weeks just prior to the inspection were busy ones; if the cadet corps was slack at any time it was not during these two weeks. The inspection was practised and repractised, drill was perfected, displays and an obstacle course were set up and the final shine was put on shoes and brass. The band was holding last minute practises and the flag party, in dingy jeans were perfecting their drill, their attire a sharp contrast to the sharp unforms they would soon be wearing.

Now all were on the field awaiting the arrival of the inspecting party.



The inspecting officer, Brig. Pangman arrived at 7:30 p.m. and was welcomed by Captain Kiddell, the organizer of the cadet corps. Brig. Pangman took the general salute and proceeded to inspect the battalion. The inspecting party consisted of Brig. Pangman, the area commander of Manitoba, Cdt./Lt. Col. Huggard, the commanding officer of the cadet corps, Capt. Kiddell, Lt. Col. Comack, the commanding officer of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and Mr. Gordon. During the inspection of the battalion the band played a slow march. Following the inspection, the battalion marched past the saluting base in column and in column of route. The battalion then advanced in review order, gave a general salute and formed a hollow square for the presentation of awards.

The trophy for the best first year cadet was awarded to Cdt. Sunquist and the trophy for the most improved cadet was awarded to Cdt. Cousins. The Lord Strathcona Ring for the best target shooter was awarded to Bill Cottick and the judo club received the belts which they had earned.

After the presentations the corps retired and was fallen out. The Cadets then put on various displays: national survival, first aid, obstacle course racing, band recital, judo, and P.T. All these activities were coordinated by the signal corps with their 26 sets. An impressive show of precision drill was put on by the Guard Mount directly after the inspection. The obstacle course consisting of rope bridges, a water filled tunnel, tarps, tires, and barriers resulted in some pretty dirty cadets. A first aid display then took place followed by a national survival display, several groups of cadets had constructed excellent survival shelter in which they treated wounded with various bandages and slings.

After these outdoor displays the crowd gathered in the gym for judo and P.T. displays. There were battles between judo students and Tug Wilson, the instructor, took on a couple of his more advanced students. There were also displays of technique, holds and throws. After the judo a fairly large group of boys trained by Mr. Thorsen went through their routines in Physical training. There were dis-



plays of free exercise, double balancing, tandem rope exercises and a fine performance of matt work climaxed by Lauder diving through a collapsing pyramid. Rick Lauder and Paul Leach went through impressive routines on the parallel bars.

The Master Cadet certificates, the highest award a Cadet can receive, were presented to Cdt./Lt. Bowles, Cdt./Lt. Folinsbee, Cdt./Sgt. Fraser, Cdt./Lt. R. Lauder, Cdt./Lt. McDonald, Cdt./Sgt. Rob Matthews, Cdt./C.S.M. Philips, and Cdt./Lt. Smith. Lieut. Col. Comack, the commanding officer of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders presented Cdt./Lt. Col. Huggard with a cane for his fine work with the Cadet corps.

The efforts on the Inspection day and throughout the year did not go unrewarded. The Corps again won the Lord Strathcona Trust Shield which has now been with us for six years. It is the shield for the most proficient corps in the province in physical training. We also obtained the Strathcona Cup for small bore shooting classification. The corps stood second in the province out of about thirty Cadet Corps.

Cadet



The Bunnyhop.

As per usual the preparations got off to a slow start. The decorations were up in good time but the Saturday morning of the ball the floor was yet to be polished. However, the more energetic boys pitched in to blow up the balloons, polish the floor and set up the dining hall and the job was finished in time enough for the boys to ready themselves for the great event. Rick Condo, Robie Thorn and Andy Little were largely responsible for the decorations while the responsibility for polishing the floor went to Bill Stovel and Mike Hartley.

On Saturday, April 18th, at the traditional hour of eight thirty, the annual Cadet Ball got under way. In the receiving line were Capt. and Mrs. Ainley, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Cdt./Lt. Col. and Mrs. Susan McDonald. This year the dance music came from a new source, Chas. Cruickshank and his band. The high point of the ball came when Mr. and Mrs. Waudby twisted the night away to an enthusiastic and hand-clapping audience. Susan O'Brien was presented with a bottle of whitener immediately following the bunnyhop.



Ball

Haf-time entertainment was provided by The Thompson Four, who were well received and by the Larvae, who jumped right into the middle of their most popular tunes.

Our regrets are passed out to Barry Sullivan who saw his efforts of the year explode into thin air as he failed to pull a repeat performance this year. As a matter of fact, none of the three huge weather balloons lasted the evening. Most of the balloons were burst by the high-stripping dancers such as Ron Kantor, Rick Lauder and Peter Schotch.

We would like to extend our thanks to Harold and Miss House who assisted us in every possible way. Also thanks go to the last minute work of Derek Lloyd, Peter Greene, Alan Graham, Brian Laing, Kent Cousins and Jerry Rostoker.

Our greatest gratitude is extended to the faithful supporters of our biggest formal function of the year, who included the greater part of the grade 10 and 11 classes.



"Twist and shout!"

The Larvae.





Officers and N.C.O.'s



BACK ROW: Cpt. Ainley, Cdt./Sgt. Graham, Cdt./Sgt. Lamb, Cdt./Sgt. Dodd, Cdt./Lt. Maters, Cdt./Lt. Everett, Cdt./Lt. Funnell, Cdt./Sgt. Fraser, Cdt./Pipe Maj. Moncrieff, Cdt./Sgt. Condo, Cdt./Sgt. Folinsbee.

FRONT ROW: Cdt./C.S.M. Ramsay, Cdt./Cpt. Lederman, Cdt./Maj. Lauder, Cdt./Lt.-Col. McDonald, Cdt./Cpt. Matthews, Cdt./R.S.M. Matthews, Cdt./C.S.M. Roper.

Shooting Competitions



BACK ROW: Mr. Ainley, Cottick, Waltan, Fraser, McDonald.
FRONT ROW: Lederman, McDonald, Tillenius, Swan.

This year the cadet corps was quite fortunate in having a very good shooting team. The team consisted of eight boys; Jock McDonald, Jamie McDonald, Hugh Swan, Clark Fraser, Bill Cottick, Mike Walton, John Lederman, and Homer Tillenius. We entered two competitions and won both. The first was held for all cadet corps in the Manitoba Area. The prize was the Lt. Charles French Memorial Trophy. Our team shot extremely well, beating the second place finishers, Provencher, by four points. The latter team had previously won the trophy almost every year. The second competition was a combined shoot, offering the O'Neill and Whitehead Trophies. We shot against cadet, militia, and regular army teams, and won the O'Neill Trophy for cadet corps teams. We beat the nearest competition by 25 points, with a score of 475 out of a possible 500. The team wishes to thank Jock McDonald, the team captain, and Mr. Ainley for their efforts in helping the team.

LITERARY



Darkness

Quickly down the narrow trail he raced, his bells tinkling clearly in the frosty air. The early morning sun had just started to melt the hoar frost off the tall jack pines which lined either side of the trail, and among them the chicadees hopped from branch to branch in search of food. "Ja", came the command and he turned right sharply, only to find himself floundering up to his chest in powdery snow. He plunged forward nevertheless and found firmer footing on the hard trail. Then it was on down the trail once more, occasionally missing a sharp turn and ending up in the deep snow, quickly getting back on the trail, and continuing as fast as possible. After several hours of this he stopped, and was glad to rest. The pause was brief however and he barely had time to bolt down his food before he was on his way once again. Presently the bush grew thinner, until finally the tall jack pines gave way to willows and dwarf spruce. Now the snow was sticky which made the going harder, but by the next time he stopped the air was much colder and the soft snow was frozen into needle sharp ice crystals which had begun to hurt his feet, so he was glad to lay down and enjoy his food in more leisure this time.

. . . . . The howl of a wolf! He leaped to his feet only to be struck heavily in the shoulder. Pain stung deeply in his side as over and over he rolled trying to get his attacker off him. Two sharp reports rang out and his attacker fell away. Shaking himself loose of the body he limped away and lay down again to care for his wounds.

He woke up stiff in the morning but the stiffness would soon go once they got on the trail. The snow was even more sticky today and so travel was much harder but he knew there wasn't much further to go now. The air had once again grown cold when finally he stopped amidst the howling and yapping of numerous neighbourhood sled dogs. He was home at last and since the trapping season was over his job was through for the year.

Since 1959 when an epidemic struck the north he had been blind, and thus gained the name of Tibiskow, which is the Cree word for darkness. Unlike many of his companions however Tibiskow had not been shot, when he went blind, as he was still able to find his way quite well, and his master considered him much too valuable a dog to shoot.

ALAN GRAHAM,
Form VI Upper

Alone In The Bush

Darkness is upon you now and off on the distant horizon the deep grey clouds of winter bar the faint rose the sun has painted on the hazy air. The moon plays its white light upon the lake and casts long blue shadows on the snow before you. All is quiet; you crouch around your campfire, semi-surrounded by tall poplars which are casting off long shadows that blend into the inky blackness of the bush. The powdery whiteness of the trees' massive frames is illuminated by the flames of your feeble fire and their outspread arms, towering above you, are animated by the breeze which blows coldly off the lake.

You look out over the bleak winter desert of the lake; the winter's cold has replaced the restless waves of summer with crested drifts of snow. The monotonous pattern of the wind sculptured snow is broken by the track of a sleigh and the footprints of a runner. The tracks run along the shore, cut across that bay and disappear over there beyond that point. A half a day away a team of strong dogs lie curled up in their nests of snow, their bellies full of raw fish, the reward of a day's work. Beside a camp fire much like yours, is your partner, a seasoned man, tempered to the cruel loneliness of the bush.

Now you are quite aware that just behind you lies the limits of the poplar bluff where choked spruce trees, their branches laden down with heavy snow, matt together to form a tangled mass of darkness. The shadows around you bob and dance like eerie puppets controlled by the flickering flames of your camp fire. A wolf howls, a long and lonesome cry, an owl hoots close by, you hear the rapid — —



thrashing of the air, the murderous scream and almost feel the hunter's cruel talons dig in as some poor rabbit meets his sudden end. A chill goes up your spine and turns into heat of imagination within your head, you crouch closer to the fire your back exposed to the cold cruelness of the winter's night. You stare into the flames afraid to look up and you listen at the intense silence broken only by the rattle of a few dead leaves which fall has frozen on the limbs. A log on the fire cracks loudly, you jump, break the silence with an uneasy laugh and toss another log upon the fire. Deep orange sparks jump, as if surprised by the sudden intrusion, and dance their short lives toward the sky. Presently your head hangs, you yawn, stretch and, banking the fire, crawl into the icy depths of your sleeping bag. The painted northern lights swim above you, surging brightly, dancing closer and then fading. Your mind goes hazy, drugged by a heavy day's work, you doze and are asleep.

George Low,
Form VI Upper.

The Deserted Camp

Last year we had built our camp on the north side of the lake, but this year we had decided to rebuild at the west end of the lake. We had arrived at camp late Tuesday night and after preparing and eating some pancakes and sorting out our equipment we had gone to bed.

Due to a troubled dream I was the first to awaken the next morning. In my dream we had discovered an old cabin, and upon entering had found two dead persons. Nels and Charlie were not yet awake and since dawn was just breaking, I struggled out of my sleeping bag and lit the stove. Nels and Charlie woke and we had breakfast, after which we packed our lunch and beaver traps.

About seven o'clock we left the camp and after a short walk reached the west end of Shoe Lake. In order to find a good campsight we spread out, and I, being the middle man, was the first into the bush. I started walking up a poplar rise when a cabin caught my attention. As I approached it I could see that it had not been used for a very long time. The weeds which completely surrounded the cabin grew tall, and all the chinking had fallen out. Remembering my dream of the previous night an eerie feeling now came over me. Would there be dead people inside? Had my dream been a vision? Slowly I walked around to the window, and mustering up all my courage looked in. I strained my eyes to catch the sight of something, but it was much too dark. When I turned away I noticed there was something unusual about the window. It was not the customary small pieces of glass, which usually serves as a window in most trappers cabins. This was a regular sized window, with a frame that had been bought in a store. I then went around to try the door. It was fastened from the inside. After I had been poking around for a short while Charlie and Nels appeared together. They had met by a creek farther west, set some traps, and then headed back looking for me. We forced the door open, and although I was the first to enter I did so timidly. After my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness I looked around, and then, half expecting it, saw crouched in the corner, by the table, the skeleton of a man. Because there had been two dead persons in my dream I looked for a second one now, and there it was, stretched out on the frozen mud floor. Charlie and Nels were already examining the skeletons by the table. Then, seeing a piece of birchbark in one of the skeleton's hands, and thinking that perhaps it was of some importance I took it. Then, placing it on the table, and being careful not to break it, as it was very dry, I unrolled it. There, traced on the birchbark were various lines and markings, as if it were a map of some kind. In spite of our efforts we could not make it out, as the birchbark was worn, then Charlie came up with the idea that perhaps we could read it, if the first layer was peeled off. Nels and I complimented him for his good idea, as we knew that if the first layer could be peeled off, the markings should show up quite clearly, as the force of the pencil would leave a mark half way through the bark.

Then, very carefully we peeled off the top layer of the birchbark, and just as we had hoped, the markings on the second layer were legible. A simple but clear map appeared, on which was a river in a canyon, which we knew to be about twelve miles to the north-east. Marked on the river were two waterfalls about four miles apart, and at the second waterfall, was a big X as if to signify something. But what, if it did signify anything?

David Neal,
Form V Upper.

Oh! Judging Books by their Covers

Many books do not contain what they first appear to contain. A book may have a cover depicting a gruesome battle, and yet be quite boring as far as fighting goes. Conversely, a book may have a plain cover and a simple title, and yet be intensely interesting. Thus, what would seem to be one thing can actually be another. This does not only apply to books, it may be true of many other things.

Advertising is a good example of this. What is said to be one thing may not be what it has been

advertised. For example, a product which is advertised as new and improved may only be the same product done up in a new package.

Other things may not be what they seem also. Cars may look like they are in good condition, but the engine may be worn out. Similarly other objects may look new or in good condition, but really may be in poor shape.

People cannot be judged by their superficial appearance or actions, either. A person who is outwardly quite plain and ordinary may be a genius. A person who is seemingly meek and mild might be a killer. A person who is apparently very gruff and harsh may actually be sociable and friendly if given the chance. Even when you are closely acquainted with someone, you may not know what he is really like. Frequently hidden capabilities are not evident because even the person who has them does not realize it. Sometimes we see most clearly in others the weaknesses we fail to recognize in ourselves!

Often characteristics are not evident because everyone tries to hide his true emotion and feelings. People try to mask what they think and believe. This is usually so they won't be hurt or ridiculed by others for their convictions. People also mask their emotions because they are afraid that if others see them as they really are, they will not be popular.

An example of people close to someone not seeing that person's hidden capabilities and characteristics occurs in The Master. In this story, a man's own family does not see in him the ability to command a ship, and yet he makes a good captain. They do not see in him the ability to lead other men, and yet this ability is there. An example of a person wearing a mask occurs in The Tempest, where Antonio has every outward appearance of being the rightful Duke of Malin, not only to convince others of this, but to convince himself.

To many people, there would be nothing to tell them that he was not the true Duke.

Thus, the saying "you can't judge a book by its cover", applies not only to books, but to almost every aspect of life. You cannot tell the true nature of almost anything by its outward appearance.

Bill Cottick,
Form IV Upper.

On the Sidelines

John was not an exceptional or even above average athlete. He always tried hard though and he usually managed to make the school teams, as second string anyway, not entirely because he enjoyed the sports, although he did, but also because all his friends would look down their noses at him if he didn't. Many people wondered where he got all the drive and ambition to do these things. It came mainly from his desire to ensure at least a few friendships.

John valued his friends more than other boys his age because he knew what it was like to be without them. A few years before, he had been on the sidelines without friends. He had broken his leg in a motor scooter accident which had put him in the hospital for four months. At first it had been too bad. A lot of his friends had come to see him and had sent him cards. The nurses also made a fuss over their new patient. John enjoyed having all his friends come to see him even though he felt that his being in a hospital and wearing a cast held more attraction for them than he did as a person. After a while, when the novelty had worn off, the number of visitors grew smaller and smaller and then only his family came to see him once or twice a week. He spent all his waking hours reading or else just lying and thinking.

He soon realized how lonely people can actually be. The coming and going of doctors and nurses offered a brief respite every now and then during the endless hours of boredom. But they seldom had time to stop and talk to him and discover how depressed he really got sometimes. His family brought him lots of books to read. They thought he would enjoy sports stories and adventures but these only made him think more of the things he was missing. He pestered the doctors so much that they finally agreed to let him go home early with a walking cast on his leg. So John was going home at last.

But even back amongst those who used to be his friends he was not completely happy. He couldn't keep up with them and they always had something to do and didn't have time or didn't want to slow down for him. He still had to stand on the sidelines during the games and although he could enjoy the company of the others who were watching, they were more interested in the boys who were playing than in him. Of course he didn't expect to attract any special attention but he did feel left out.

A Week at the Lake

As soon as school was out, I rushed home and eagerly began my preparations for a week's stay at the lake. Today had been the last day of school I now had two long months of summer holidays ahead of me. The lake at which I intended to stay was a small lake in northern Saskatchewan and it bore the old Indian name of Kipabiskau, or, lake with the stony bottom.

I did not have much gear because I was cycling and I was, for once, really going to "rough it". I carried a small pup-tent, a light sleeping bag, two

changes of light summer clothes, and a bare minimum of eating and cooking utensils.

I was to buy all my provisions at a small store when I arrived. After checking and packing my gear, I made sure my bike was in good running order, had a light supper, and shortly afterwards, went to bed.

I arose about five the next morning and ate a very hearty breakfast so that I would be able to cycle without stopping for a mid-morning snack. Then, after saying good-bye to my parents, and re-assuring them that everything would be all right, I set out. The lake to which I intended to cycle was about fifty miles from my home; this meant that I would arrive there shortly before suppertime, leaving me enough daylight to pitch camp and settle myself in. My day of cycling passed uneventfully as I had hoped it would, and I arrived at the lake about the time that I estimated I would.

As I came closer to the lake I encountered a huge hill which led downward to the lake making an elevation difference of about five hundred feet. A similar hill rose on the opposite side and I concluded that in ancient times some glacier had gouged out the valley.

After picking out a good camp-site and pitching my tent, I laid in a supply of water from a "safe" well which had been provided for the convenience of campers. Next, I went down to the little store and brought a number of canned goods. Then I returned to my camp and cooked myself a single course meal over a small campfire. That night while I was taking a stroll along the beach, I heard my name called from one of the cabins. I looked up and saw one of my friends, Tom Parker, who was beckoning to me to go up to his cabin. I did so, and over a hot drink, we agreed that I should stay at his cabin for the duration of the week, at the end of which his parents were coming down.

The next day I broke camp and stored my gear at Tom's cabin. Then we set out on a canoe trip in his canoe, intending to explore the lake. At the far end of the lake, about eight miles away, we found a small stream which we followed to its source on foot. Some rocks in the stream bed, worn smooth by running water, and exposed by the streams eroding action on the topsoil, strengthening my theory that the valley had been created during glacial epoch. We returned to his cabin later in the day, and after having supper we went to bed early.

For the next two days, the weather was miserable, as it rained heavily and constantly. It was very windy and the huge waves on the lake prevented us from doing any fishing in the canoe. To pass the time we read books, played cards or chess, and now and again, we wrestled.

On the fifth day of my camping expedition, Tom and I went on a hike to the rapids at the opposite end of the lake to which we had made our canoe trip. During the morning we slowly moved along, doing a little fishing but with no luck. At noon we reached our destination, and after having lunch, we arrived at the cabin in time for supper. We turned in after an uneventful evening.

The next morning we made preparations to go on a hike on the other side of the huge sandy and rocky hill which lay to the rear of the beach. We started off at about ten that morning. It took us half an hour to get to the top and from there, we took some pictures of the lake's scenery. We explored until noon and then had lunch. We started back to the beach at about two that afternoon and got there at three.

I made my preparations to return on the next day, ate supper and went to bed. The next morning, at sunrise, which was about four-thirty a.m., Tom and I rose to go on a last fishing trip. Our luck was good and we caught three pike—enough to provide Tom and his parents for their first supper at the lake. Bidding Tom good-bye, I started back home and was there at three p.m. the same day.

Even taking rain and inactivity into consideration, I had spent an enjoyable and well worthwhile week at the lake.

Mike Fox,
Form V, Upper.

The Last Shot

It was late evening and the sun had just set giving an orange tinge to the whole sky. The ducks were now coming in to settle in the marshes, two at a time, or in larger flocks, and now and again a lone duck that had lost its mate would come skidding to a halt on the surface of the still water.

A small flock of mallards flew low over the water coming in for a landing when suddenly a burst of gunfire brought down three of them. A small canoe pushed silently out from amongst the reeds to pick up the ducks, and then returned to the shelter of the reeds. In the canoe were two young Indian lads, Lindsay and Victor, who had been out bear hunting, and on their way home had stopped to shoot several of the fat mallards, which at that time of year swarmed in the northern lakes, on their way south for the approaching winter.

It was well known in the settlement that Lindsay and Victor were to return home from their bear hunt that evening so when their gun-fire was heard people began to gather at the shore in hope of getting some of the bear meat. There had been a lull in the hunters' firing, but now a single shot

rang out, echoing loudly across the glassy evening waters.

Darkness had now fallen and a group of us were on the beach hunting night-hawks with our sling shots, about a hundred yards from where the crowd was gathering to meet Lindsay and Victor.

It had been around twenty minutes since the last single shot-gun shot had been heard, and now from across the water could be heard the hurried creaking of the oars. They certainly must be in a hurry to get home to be rowing at that speed, I thought to myself. Since the night-hawks had now all disappeared we joined the others on the shore to wait for the two hunters.

There was a heavy mist on the water so although we could hear the canoe very close to the shore, we could not yet see it. As the canoe came out of the mist I could see Victor jump out and beach it, but where was Lindsay?—a murmur ran through the crowd, and one of the women started to cry—I pushed my way through the people to the side of the canoe—There stretched out in the bottom of the canoe lay Lindsay, a deep gash, in the back of his head. Someone started to run for the nurse, but Lindsay's eyes fluttered, and his body grew limp, and someone placed a handkerchief over his face. Sick to my stomach I turned away.

Lindsay had been paddling at the back of the canoe when a flock of ducks flew over, and reaching behind for his shot-gun he had touched the trigger and discharged the shot into the back of his head. It had been that last single gunshot that we had heard that had taken Lindsay's life.

Alan Graham,
Form VI Upper.

A Misty Morning

It is getting light, the first obstructed glow of dawn will soon appear in the east and a light breeze will stir on the lake and roll the heavy mist over the marsh. The damp moist air seeks its way through my heavy clothing and I shiver slightly as I feel that first breeze of morning. From the obscured marsh around me I hear the deep throated quack of a mallard, who has been awakened by the wind stirred reeds and by the sun's faint illumination of the mist. Somewhere out there he is making his way through the dew-heavy bull-rushes towards an open pond for his morning feed.

I answer in the same tone as the mallard's call, peering into the mist and listening for further signs of his presence. A blackbird clicks and a whirr of wings and chattering cackles tells me that a roost of the marsh birds have awakened and are stirring restlessly, waiting for the sun's heat to penetrate the mist and warm their long day. Again I hear the mallard, this time he gives a homely cackle, sensing the presence of his own kind. I answer him, inviting him to join me and hear his eager reply, this time more clearly. I call again, hear a disturbance of the water and see the big drake fly right by me. I freeze, paralyzed with excitement, the only muscle that moves is my heart which thumps out a loud hurried beat. I quack hurriedly, the mallard rises slightly as he dodges a heavy stand of bull-rushes, he then wheels crazily, seeing my decoys and with a quivering of the tips of his bowed wings he glides towards the pond. As he passes near me I hear the continual swoosh of air passing the dull blades of his wings. His feet poise for a landing, he quacks inquisitively, then he skims gently along the water and presently disappears into the mist.

Impressed by the gracefulness of his flight I lie quietly, waiting patiently for his reappearance out of the mist. I squawk quietly, he answers and I see his dark form appear. He swims in close, his colors are now intensified by the morning sun which has found its way through the low clouds and mist to brighten his natural beauty. He swims leisurely in the warmth of this spot of sunlight, scooping up food from the surface of the pond which he strains with his flat bill.

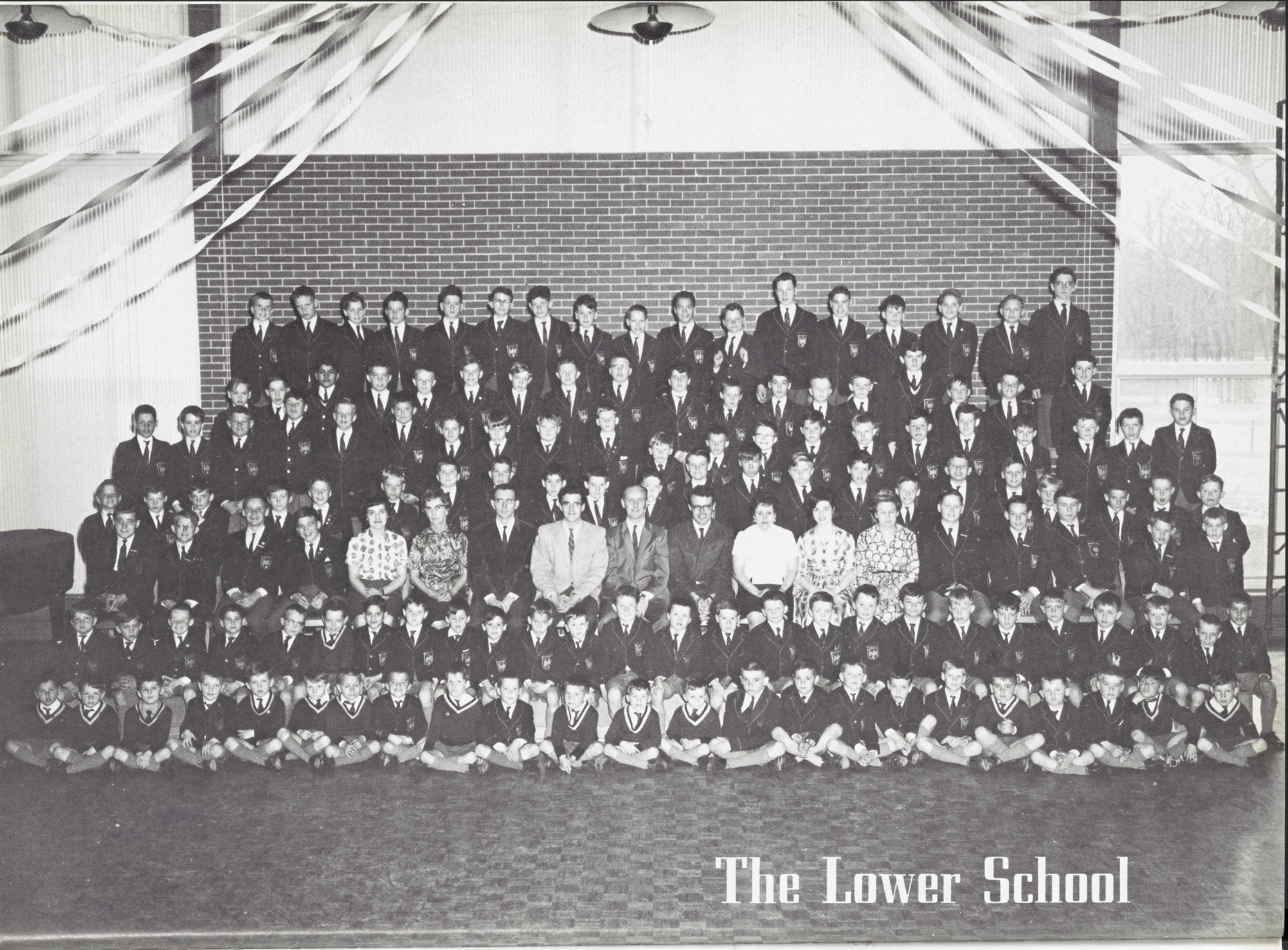
A coot patters noisily across the far end of the pond, a muskrat dives and the familiar high pitched kill dee-ah, kill dee-ah is heard close by. The clouds again envelope the sun and the scene darkens. The drake mixed with my decoys, giving the statue-still forms a puzzled look, then with a panicky quack and an explosion of water rises above me.

A boom scatters the silence of the morning marsh and I see the graceful mallard flap clumsily and land with a splash in the pond beside me. I pump my gun automatically, hear the reverberations and looking down at the smoking barrel realize what I have done. I wade slowly into the icy water, bow over the struggling bird, pick it up and wring its neck.

George Low,
Form VI Upper

LOWER SCHOOL





The Lower School

Headmaster's Foreword

As head of the Lower School from its inception Mr. Lester created a strong and successful school which reflected his untiring efforts towards that end, and it is fitting that the foreword to the Lower School part of the Eagle this year should be in appreciation of the man whose powerful abilities wrote, in a larger content, the whole foreword to the future history of the Lower School. Such a foreword will have its effect on the pages that follow, not only in this issue, but in the years to come.

C. B. KIDDELL,
Head of Lower School.

Form VII



BACK ROW: Osborne, Lewis, Makinen, McLean, Champerlain, Martindale, McCartin, Hartwig, Chapman, Payne.
MIDDLE ROW: Ramsay, Kellet, Fraser, Askholm, Nothstein, Willis, Tutiah, McGee.
FRONT ROW: Semans, Gemmel, McCreath, Mr. Beare, Mr. Timms, Searle, Hutchings, Morris.

Lower School Officers



Morris, Semans, Ramsay, Searle, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Kiddell, Hutchings, McGee, McCreath, Gemmel.

Headboy's Report

This year Mr. Kiddell has won promotion from the Upper School, and we welcome him as our new head; his influence and enthusiasm has been widely felt, not always, some of us ruefully admit, in quite the right place. In addition we warmly greet Mrs. Kiddell, Mrs. Nagy as Art teacher, and Miss Pasocov as Grade Two form mistress.

There have been two changes in the curriculum: we all now have regular art periods, and there is an hour's games period each afternoon; not only has this improved our fitness and sportsmanship, but it has proved great fun as well. Despite our lack of goals, the hockey and soccer teams greatly enjoy representing the school. To make competition easier to organize, a fourth and very successful house has been formed, called appropriately New House, with a gnu's head as its crest.

Apart from normal classes, there has been plenty to keep us busy. Mrs. Nagy has devoted her Saturday afternoons to running a ceramics club; Mrs. Perreault formed a French singing group called Les Voyageurs which performed at the Fort Garry library to open Canada Book Week; Mr. Gill has led a rock and roll — sorry! I mean rock and Mineral — club into battle with goggles and hammers, with field trips to Tyndall and Souris. The boarders are building a Cadet sailing dingy with guidance from Dr. Johnson and Mr. Kiddell, and Mr. Tug Wilson has come out once a week for a popular judo class. Slowly but surely Mr. Lincoln is shaping the wind section of the school orchestra out of our recorder classes, while Mr. Thorsen trained our gym display teams for parents' day. In addition we have had shooting with new rifles, horseshoes, and Chess 'N' Checker competition, and now dramatics, softball and track and field loom ahead.

Our sincere thanks go to those mentioned above and to all others who have helped in our many activities.

It has been a great honour to serve the Lower School as head boy in this most successful year.

—Stewart Searle

New Staff



Miss F. Pasicov

Miss Pasicov came to S.J.R. to teach grade two this year, after completing her first year Arts course at the Manitoba Teachers' College. Miss Pasicov is quite proficient at her main interest, dramatics. Last year she acted in the winning play of the Manitoba Drama festival, Antigoné. She is also an amateur producer, and participates in tennis and gymnastics. As for the future Miss Pasicov plans to be married in August and intends to continue her teaching next year. Best of wishes for the future, Miss Pasicov.



Mrs. H. G. Nagy

Mrs. Nagy was born and educated in Rotterdam, Holland where she attended Teachers' College and the Academy of Fine Arts. She lived in England a few years and came to Canada six years ago. She has taught Art in other Winnipeg schools prior to her arrival at S.J.R. Now specializing in ceramics, Mrs. Nagy is working toward a degree in Fine Arts. As you may well guess art is her hobby as well as her occupation but she also is interested in the theatre, classical music, jazz and she enjoys swimming.

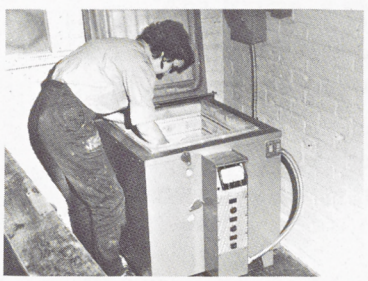
The Potters Club

Six members meet each Saturday to explore the world of Ceramics. We practise wheel-throwing and also do a lot of hand-building. We have had a fair amount of experience in glaze formulating and soon plan to start devising our own. Pots are first bisque fired to make them easier to handle as they are then partly vitrified. The glaze is then applied by pouring it around the pot while it revolves on a turn-table. The glaze is then put on the inside by pouring it in and out of the pot. The pots are then left to dry before going to the kiln.

In our study of ceramics we try to consider the nature of the material and use decorations and glazes in harmony with the nature of the clay.



Chemicals for glaze tests.



Stacking the kiln.



"Throwing" on the wheel.

Drama Night

The Day is Bright

On Monday, the fourth of May, the Lower School parents and boys were entertained with three sparkling one act plays. Grade four paved the way to a thoroughly enjoyable evening with a colourful comedy on Art called "The Day is Bright". It was certainly a peculiar art studio, for warts appeared mysteriously on Duchesses' noses and horses grew five unnatural legs. Derek Riley did a good job in the important role of Murillo the painter, enthusiastically assisted by his slave Judd Gosko. Indeed, the whole cast must be congratulated on speaking out so clearly in the large Gymnasium.

The Highwayman of Cranford

The sharp report of a flintlock commanded the unwavering attention of an audience who thoroughly enjoyed the seeming unruffled Higgins (Alan Kiddell) and his band of ruffians, with that hard to kill rebel leader, Joe (John Bredin) in the evening's second one act play, Higgins — The Highwayman of Cranford, by the forms 5 and 6. Carefully throughout costumes and expertly applied grease-paint, for the time, readily transformed our boys into Ezekial (John Robinson), Higgin's tough, faithful right-hand man, and captain (Jamie Campbell) with soldiers three, Mike Bracken, Robert Large and Horace Everett, while master Robbie McDonald was magically transformed into the beguiling Mary who succeeded in doing what her(his) always very indignant father, Sir Peter, (Kishore Anand) could not do — unmasked that garrulous rogue, Higgins.

Twice is Too Much

The Form Seven and Seven extra work quickly whisked us away to the land of the Arabian Nights and provided an excellent climax to the program with "Twice is too Much". One of this year's newcomers to the Lower School, Barry Stevens, captured the whims and wiles of the weaker sex with his excellent portrayal of Nouz Hatoul, wife to that suave defrauder and maker of songs, Abu Hassan. (Mike Gardner) The comic rascality of this team carried the play through one comic situation after the other, into and out of animated pseudo-death poses.

Several of the cast should feel very much at home on the stage, this being their third successive year as members of the annual Lower School Drama Night. We are expecting even greater efforts from the Upper School in succeeding dramatic endeavours.

The Casts

The Day is Bright

A COMEDY ON ART by Norman Myrick.
Performed by Form 4.
Produced by Mrs. H. G. T. Nagy.

Murillo, the painter	Derek Riley
The Duchess of Castile	Colin Ferguson
Sebastion	Judd Gosko
Carlos	James Willis
Ricardo	Simon Johnson
Carmen	Tim Williams
Hernando	Patrick Truelove
Francisco	Boyd Beaton
Rosita	Doug Robinson

The Highwayman of Cranford

by Ronald Gow.
Performed by Forms 5 and 6.
Produced by Mrs. B. Beare and Miss Pasicov.

Ezekial	John Robinson
Joe	John Bredin
Dick	Hugh Malcolmson
Sam	Scott McPherson
Higgins	Allan Kiddell
Sir Peter	Kishore Anand
Mary	Robbie McDonald
Captain	Jamie Campbell
Gang	Henderson, McMurray, Webster, Hammond, Spooner
Soldiers	Bracken, Large, Everett

Twice is Too Much

by E. C. Oakden and M. Sturt.
Performed by Forms 7 and 7 E.W.

Abu Hassan, a maker of songs	Mike Gardner
Nouz Hatoul, his wife	Barry Stevens
Haroun Al raschid, the Caliph	Bruce Dodds
Zobeide, his chief wife	Jack Gemmell
Ishah, a Bailiff	Pat McGee
Giafar, the Grand Vizier	Bill Ashdown
Azpah, a maid to Zobeide	Graham Morris
Merchants	Payne, Ramsay, McCreath
Slaves	Lewis, MacLean, Osborne, Schoemperlen

Lower School House Reports

Hamber House

This has not been one of Hamber's best years. We have not yet won any of the monthly honour prizes, but our hopes are high for the future.

We started well in soccer but, unfortunately, we lost some vital games. In the cross-country Hamber did not do badly, and also in football. As winter set in Hamber steadily improved. Both the seniors and juniors got into the hockey finals, but their opposition proved the better. The seniors, in basketball, were defeated in the semi-finals, but the juniors got into the finals and won. In speed-skating, after the first part, the individual races, we were stuck in third place; however, due to a tremendous effort in the relays, we nosed into second place.

Despite our defeats, Hamber has had great fun, and I would like to thank Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Perrault for making it so.

John Hutchings, Stew Searle
House Captains.

New House

A brand new house not even a year old, yet we have proved ourselves a lusty infant: our seniors have won the hockey and soccer, our juniors the soccer, and together we have triumphed in the speed-skating and the kicking competition, with an honourable second place in the cross-country. Nor are we mere muscle-men, for in the brain world we have only let one of the monthly honours prizes escape our lips. So let us pat ourselves on the back and bring up our wind for the track and field and home runs ahead. Our house colour may be blue, but we have no reason to feel blue about our achievements so far. Our thanks to Mrs. Nagy, Miss Pasicoy and Mr. Timms.

Jack Gemmel,
House Captain.

Richardson House

Richardson House has again had a good year. Inter-house competition was keen, and our team spirit was high. The first taste of victory came when our boys triumphed in the cross-country, in the soccer tournament, our teams tried hard finishing second and third in the two divisions. When the football season was over, we had placed first in the senior, but our junior team didn't do so well. In the winter term our hockey teams played enthusiastically, but finished third, so it was in the speed skating as well. Our powerful senior basketball team won in its division, and the juniors were third. We are now eagerly awaiting the basketball and track season so we can prove our superiority. We have done poorly in honour prizes so far, I hope we meet more success in the future.

In concluding, on behalf of the boys in Richardson House, I would like to extend thanks to Mr. Gill and Mrs. Murray for their encouragement and support in all our activities.

Peter McCreath,
House Captain.

Young House

This year Young House did not do very well in the honours and stripes, not winning any cakes. But in sports the juniors won a first in hockey and came second in soccer, bordenball and basketball.

The seniors came second in football and basketball. The year, though, is not over with baseball and track and field yet to come. Many thanks should go to the House master and mistress for all their help.

Tom Ramsay,
House Captain.

Soccer

First Eleven:

New House had an excellent start to the athletic year capturing the senior championship, and suffering only one loss during the season. In the semi-finals, New House overcame a staunch but weak Young House 4-0. Hamber required two games to move into the final, tying with Richardson 2-2 in the first and winning the second 2-1. The final was a close contest, New House put up a strong offense to overcome Hamber 3-1.

Standings:

New House	16
Richardson	10
Hamber	9
Young	1



BACK ROW: Smith, Searle, Edwards, Anand, Kinsey, Beech.
FRONT ROW: Harrison, Malcolmson, McDonald, Black, Waddell, Truelove.



BACK ROW: Chapman, Lewis, Nothstein, Semans, McCarten, Large.
FRONT ROW: Stevens, Payne, Gemmel, Campbell, Hutchings.

Second Eleven:

All four houses put up a close race for the Junior Championship this fall, and at the end of the season's play, Hamber, Richardson and Young were tied in second place, New House out in front by only three points. In the semis, Young knocked out Hamber 5-1, and Richardson and New House required three games to decide the other finalist. The first two games ended in ties, 1-1 and 2-2, New House winning the third 2-1. The final proved New House a superior overall team as they beat Young 3-1.

Standings:

New House	12
Hamber	9
Richardson	9
Young	9

Track and Field

NEW RECORDS — 1963

Seniors:

100 yds.: 12.5 sec., R. King.
220 yds.: 28 sec., R. King.
440 yds.: 65.3 sec., R. King.
High Jump: 4'2", G. Smith.
Ball Throw: 192'2", P. Bowes.

Juniors:

60 yds.: 8.4 sec., Tector.
Ball Throw: 141'11", Gemmel.

Intermediate:

440 yds.: 70.8 sec., McGee.
High Jump: 4', Flintoff.
Broad Jump: 12'8", Tutiah.
Ball Throw: 186'6", Askholm.

Midget:

High Jump: 3'7", Wood.
Ball Throw: 140', Edwards.

Football



BACK ROW: McLean, McGee, McCreath, Fraser, Willis, Richardson.
FRONT ROW: Dodds, Makinan, Frith, Heffelfinger, Robinson.

Six-man Tackle

Six-man football was played this fall by the first eleven teams of each house, and all four houses developed rapidly, showing initiative in play selection and improvement in tackling ability. Led by Pat McGee, Richardson forged ahead early in the round, and held on to its lead to win the championship.

Flag Football

With the coming of colder weather, a 16-game series of touch and flag football was played by the first team. Again with the speed of McGee and Fraser, Richardson came out on top.

Six-man Tackle:

Richardson	9
Young	6
Hamber	5
New House	4

Flag Football:

Richardson	6
New House	4
Hamber	3
Young	3

Cross-Country

Group	Individual	House
1st team	P. McGee	Richardson
2nd team	J. Campbell	New
3rd team	C. Bowes	New
Form 3	R. Kartzmark	Young
Form 2	R. Stein	Hamber
Form 1	R. Barry	Hamber

The cross-country set-up was somewhat changed from previous years, the team courses being longer, and the team divisions based on ability and form rather than age. Richardson scored a total of 222 points to finish first ahead of New who finished with 210. Hamber and Young finished well behind with 191 and 176.

Pat McGee finished a strong first, staving off bids from Hamber's Gardner, while Jamie Campbell was a surprise winner in the second for New. Chris Bowes led New House to victory in the third race, finishing well ahead of his competition.



Stein, Kartzmark, Beech, Campbell, McGee.

Basketball

A mixture of Borden and Basketball was played by both junior and senior teams, no dribbling, a handling time limit, and a soccer ball used by the juniors. Consequently all the teams developed a much better passing-team play game, and some remarkable marksmen on the basketball nets was seen.

Richardson House with McGee, McCreath, Heffelfinger and Willis providing most of the punch, came out on top although somewhat shaken by strong opposition from Hamber and New in the semi and final games. Young, again short-staffed, was knocked out by New, but with any luck it might have proved a champion. Ramsay played very well for Young.

The Junior league saw a fast improving Hamber take Young House in the finals. New, and Young were quite surprised when their opposition took the lead halfway through the final and never let go. Cooper and McMorris provided most of the scoring.

Senior Standings:

Richardson	12
Young	6
New House	4
Finals;	Richardson 18, New 14

Junior Standings:

Richardson	9
Young	9
Hamber	5
Finals;	Hamber 15, Young 8



BACK ROW: Richardson, Dodds, Heffelfinger, Fraser, McGee, Willis.
FRONT ROW: Makinen, Robinson, McCreath, Frith, McLean.



BACK ROW: Weir, Richardson, Menzies, Hammond, Riley.
FRONT ROW: McMorris, Greatrex, Beaten, Cooper, Fergusen.

Speedskating

Senior: Semans, 3 laps; 59½ sec., New.
Int.: Heffelfinger, 3 laps; 55½ sec., Richardson.
Junior: McDonald, 2 laps; 42½ sec., New.
Midget: Saunders, 2 laps; 42½ sec., Richardson.
Form 3: Wheelan, 1 lap; 30 sec., New.
Form 2: Stein, 1 lap; 33 sec., Hamber.
Form 1: Moore, ½ lap; 14½ sec., New.



Moore, Stein, Wheelan, Saunders, McDonald, Heffelfinger, Semans.

Senior	Richardson
Intermediate	Hamber
Juniors	New
Midget	Hamber

House	Ind.	Team	Total
Hamber	16	14	30
Richardson	16	12	28
Young	15	5	20
New	23	9	32

In a very close battle for the skating championship, New House salvaged enough points in the relays to add to their good spread in the individual totals, and came out ahead of Hamber and Richardson.

This year, each house declared a representative in each group of the individual races, eliminating the fuss of heats, and as a result, the finals were followed by each house with great excitement, hoping their representative would win.

Heffelfinger was impressive in his win for Richardson, and the Form three race proved to be the high humour of the afternoon with a three-member pileup on the last turn.

Senior House Hockey



BACK ROW: Lewis, Nothstein, Semans, McCarten, Stevens, Large.
FRONT ROW: Chapman, Hutchings, Payne, Gemmel, Campbell.

Led by Semans and Chapman, New House chalked up another team victory in senior competition. They easily overcame a shorthanded Young in the semi, at the same time Hamber taking Richardson to camp in a closely contested battle; the winning goal scored by Donahue in the dying moments of the game. The final proved to be a rather slow affair, Hamber unable to put on enough pressure to obtain the lead. The winning goal, scored by Semans with five minutes to go proved to be an unsurmountable lead.

Standings:

Hamber	5
Richardson	9
Young	3
New	7

Semi-finals:

Hamber vs. Richardson	3-2
New vs. Young	4-0

Finals:

New vs. Hamber	2-1

Junior House Hockey

Standings:

Hamber	9
Young	7
Richardson	4
New	4

Semi-finals:

Hamber vs. Richardson	2-1
Young vs. New	1-0

Finals:

Young vs. Hamber	1-0

The Young House hockey team provided much rejoicing in the Young House circles, bringing home their first championship of the year. Henderson, Jacques, Kiddell and McMurray provided enough weight and skill to overcome their opposition, New House in the semi-finals, and Hamber in the final. The winning goal in the final, was scored from a scramble in front of the goal by McMurray, the puck bouncing over the head of Beaten, Hamber's goalie. Hamber tried to come back, but Young played a strong checking game to hang on.



BACK ROW: Johnson, Willis, Shore, Henderson, McMurray, Kiddell.
FRONT ROW: Robinson, Everett, Jakes, Bredin, Tucker, Gosko.

Playground A Hockey

A disappointing season in spite of our new sweaters: missing Lester and Chester from last year, we lost Jim Richardson with a bad knee, and Peter McCreath took time to get fit after his broken leg. Consequently only Charles Paterson really threatened to score. The defence was slow, and Pat McGee did well as the league's busiest goalie. Tom Ramsay was the most improved player, and our consolation is that several players who could barely stand up on skates at the beginning of the season have made great strides and will certainly serve the school well on future teams. Congratulations to the whole team on never losing its enthusiasm, and thanks to Mr. Hutchings and Dr. Ramsay, our fervent supporters.



BACK ROW: Mr. Kiddell, Hutchings, Schmidt, Paterson, Askholm, Nothstein, Connor, Robinson, Mr. Timms.

FRONT ROW: Flintoff, Tutiah, Ramsay, Champerlain, McCreath, McGee, Osborne, McCartin.

Playground B Hockey



BACK ROW: Chapman, Donahue, Henderson, Dodds, Heffelfinger, Jakes, Searle, Hartwig, Gemmel.—Mr. Gill, Mr. Hutchings.

FRONT ROW: Makinan, Morris, Richardson, Bracken, Spooner, Smith, McLean, Frith.

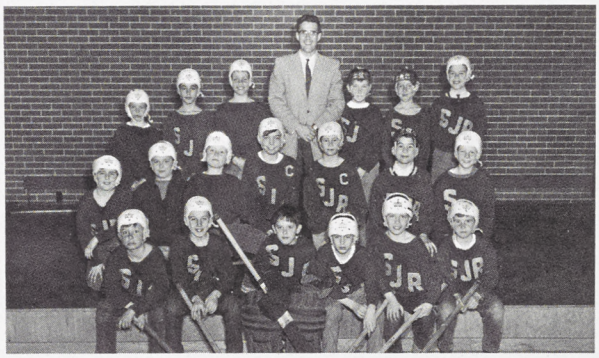
Saturday mornings proved to be bost exciting to the boys on the Playground B hockey team. In spite of defeats, there was great spirit within the team and a very good turnout to all the games.

Practices were held after school and the team soon improved themselves and took a real interest in the game. During the games good sportsmanship was shown and all the players did their best to win the game. I would like to thank sincerely all the parents and masters who came out to the games to support the team. I also would like to thank the coaches, Mr. Searle and Mr. Gill for having shown so much enthusiasm and giving so much time to the team.

Although this year has not been a success in the sense of victories —

Playground C Hockey

Nineteen boys became a team by the first of February, salvaging a rather disappointing year with a tie. However, the only disappointment was in the won-lost column, but the players, coach and parents, were far from disappointed in the spirit, excitement, and eventual improvement of the team throughout the season. Menzies proved to be the high scorer of the team, and played well. The rugged defensive work of Jim David and Richard Hutchings, the co-captains, gave Kinzie and Beaten good protection most of the time. McDonald proved to be the best fore and back checker, and McMurray the best playmaker. Every member of the team improved tremendously, and should provide backbone to the B and C teams of next season.



BACK ROW: Beaten, Richardson, Riley, Mr. Stewart, Malcolmson, Kiddell, Wood.

MIDDLE ROW: Mensies, Heffelfinger, McMorris, David, Hutchings, McMurray, Beech.

FRONT ROW: Saunders, Edwards, Kinzie, McDonald, Bredin, Hammond.

The Lake on an August Evening

As the sun sinks gently below the horizon, a cool atmosphere sweeps over the peaceful lake. A family of moose creep cautiously out from the misty bush, and plods slowly and almost drudgingly down to the water. They poke their long, protruding noses into the clear water, making a solitary ripple as they sip their evening 'wine'.

Across the mere there is an unearthly squawking and five mysterious black shapes rise from the trees into the heavens, as smoke from a hermit's chimney. The trees and dark, serene lake are slowly clothed in the huge cloak of velvety darkness, as the mosquitoes begin to sleep, and the last colorful radiance on the horizon fades.

You listen hard, and hear only the pleasant sound of water lapping gently over the smooth pebbles and sand. As the darkness overpowers the sunset, the first twinkling stars are to be seen; the plough, the north star, the milky way. The sounds of the night start their weird songs on the sleeping earth. A warm, but refreshing whiff of air wheezes through the tree tops, and there is a little scurry somewhere in the shrouded undergrowth, as an owl hoots his ghostly warning of death. The dark, macabre form of a bat whistles through your hair, as the desperate howl of the wolf calls to the white face of the moon, who answers with stern silence.

BARRY STEVENS
Form VII-EW, Lower.

The Lion Seeks his Meal

There was a flash of yellowish brown as a sleek killer lunged through the air. There followed a grunt and a swift antelope bounded out of the bush bleeding freely on the flank. The lion did not follow but disgustedly threw up its head, waving his heavy dark mane and let out a roar which shook the ground beneath his feet.

He was a heavy set fellow with a large head and feet and he bore the battle scars of victory and defeat. He was not quite the solid tan that most of his breed are, but he had a long crest of black hair along the middle of his back. He was apparently old for he panted heavily after his rush. He had not eaten for days for his skin hung loosely over his bony frame. After a few minutes, the panting ceased and he strutted off to look for further game.

The afternoon wore on and as the sighs of darkness crept into the east the lion's form began to cast long shadows. Then, before him, a lone zebra slightly limping on one leg was drinking at the side of a narrow stream. Everything was perfect; the wind blew the right way. There was a silence as the lion stalked his prey. He stopped, crouched and sprang. In a second he was on the poor animal's back and with a sweep of his huge paw, he broke its neck. Warily he looked around expecting attack from his younger cousins. He dragged his prey into the dense cover of the nearby thorn bushes and sat down to a well earned meal.

BRUCE CHAPMAN
Form VII-EW, Lower.

The Lake on an August Evening

The sky greys; great expanses of low dark, ominous cloud blot out the sun. The wind springs up and whistles merrily through the trees; the gulls soar in its gusts as it lashes out furiously in blind rage; lightning, seen flashing in the distance dashing from cloud to cloud, draws near hitting trees haphazardly, first in front and then behind; thunder roars as Thor hurls another bolt of lightning. The ground squirrel settles down in its comfortable burrow as the wind, a vicious nor'-easter, flings wave after wave at the shore. The waves are growing in size, four feet, now six feet. The gulls stop their drifting and scurry for shelter as they sense the storms coming.

Heavily the rain comes, beating fiercely at the ground in vain hope of catching something out. Now the wind has subsided, for a moment, the rain a leisurely drizzle, and then, as if the storm had mustered up its dying strength, the rain beats down faster than before; faster and faster, streams fill up as the water comes raging down. Destruction reigns as the wind is now at hurricane force. Small twigs fly through the air; branches break, the trees sway reluctantly. The wind is not warm and sluggish as in midsummer but cold, bitter, and cutting, reminding all that winter is just around the corner. Lightning crackles, merrily striking trees where it pleases; the thunder roars and booms like a thousand cannons. The wind, now not to be outdone, lashes the waves into eight foot monsters.

Now it slows down having spent its strength; the rain stops. The ground squirrel comes out as a rainbow bridges the sky and the dying rays of the sun light up the retreating cirrus clouds and finally, the stars come out. The nocturnal prowlers do their rounds, night has begun.

JACK GEMMEL
Form 7-EW, Lower.

A Light Limerick

There was a young fellow from Leeds
Who swallowed a package of seeds.
He was caught in some showers
And out came the flowers,
So the barber then cut off the weeds.

PAUL WEBSTER
Form V, Lower.

The Mystery of Marie Celeste

One day in 1873, the 'Marie Celeste' started out from New York, bound for Genoa in the Mediterranean Sea.

Approximately two thousand miles off shore a very strong current caught them. The captain tried to maintain course but it was of no use.

Hours later they sighted an uncharted island but were unable to land on it because of dangerous reefs. The captain decided to take a look at the other side of the island. When they reached the other side they saw the most gracious mermaids. They were singing songs and were too irresistible. All the men started to dive into the water except one man who was in a cabin.

When he came out a most terrifying spectacle met his eyes. The mermaids were eating the men alive and those who tried to swim away were devoured by sharks. The sailor could not stand it, he took a pistol and dove into the water only to die fighting.

Days later the ship was found floating in the ocean. Everything was intact, yet where was the crew? This is the explanation of one of the biggest mysteries of the world.

SCOTT McPHERSON
Form 6, Lower.

An Evening Stroll

The summer sun was setting below the tree-tops and the cool evening breeze settled around a small burrow under a comfortable summer cottage.

"Yawn Sniff, sniff, Ah. . .that fresh air. Well, it's about time I shook out the old perfume and took in the fresh. Better comb my lovely black and white tail also.

"Now back to the night's hunt. Oh! There's Chippy the Chipmunk. Hi Chip! He lives up in the oak tree beside the cottage. Here comes Mrs. Racoon. Good evening, Mrs. Racoon. Oh, oh there's one of those yappy dogs around my favourite dining spot. Looks as though a squirt of New Glade Mist will do the trick. Uhhh, bulls eye! None of his friends will speak to him for a couple of weeks, ha, ha, ha! Now, right under this log there are many ants and insects that make my mouth water and right beside it is my favorite bunch of delicious leaves."

All through the night the quiet creature pattered about munching on his favorite leaves and soft roots. He went along on all the familiar paths as was his custom, not bothering the other animals, who rarely bothered him, but the odd time he had to turn around and threaten the enemy with perfume.

The sun began to rise and the little skunk headed home once again.

RICHARD HUTCHINGS
Form 6, Lower.

The Mean Old Man

Mr. Grouch was not his real name, everyone called him that because he was so nasty. He was a rich old man who lived almost four miles from town. He lived in an old mansion. It did not look like much from the outside, but inside it was beautiful. The entire house was lined with wall to wall carpets, and there were many crystal chandeliers, big comfortable velvet chairs, solid gold lamps, beautiful mahogany woodwork, hand carved tables. There were also huge drapes along the windows, and at one end of the living room was a huge stone fireplace. All the rooms were big and full of beautiful things. From Mr. Grouch's bedroom window you could see down the long rolling lawn to the sparkling river.

Mr. Grouch always dressed in fine clothes, and was always saying how handsome he was. He always had his grey hair combed and his beard cut quite short. His face was old and wrinkled, he had a big nose, and the nastiest eyes you have ever seen in your life. He always wore a tie and a white shirt. If his housekeeper did not have his shirt ironed perfectly he would scream and yell. Nobody knew why little things upset him because he had everything he wanted, but he was always unhappy and nasty. If his servant did not wake him up at five seconds after ten he would fire her instantly. When he came down to breakfast he would expect his food to be cooked perfectly, and it usually was. But if by chance his coffee was a little too weak or his egg was not salted and peppered just right he would pick up the tray and throw it across the room.

The things he did to people were very nasty. He would laugh after he had done something mean. He didn't have any friends because he would insult them before they got in the door, then he would slam the door in their face. If someone accidentally drove onto his property he would lean out the window and yell foul language and shoot at them with his shotgun. If a hungry dog or cat came and bothered him in the night he would kill them, then afterwards he would think how clever he was for being so cruel.

Soon people forgot about him. Then one dark and stormy night he disappeared and was never seen again. No one every moved into his house and it soon became old and run down. People said that it was haunted. Some people thought Mr. Grouch still lived in his house, scaring away people who might want to move in, but they never were sure. Maybe Mr. Grouch had been killed or maybe he had run away, or maybe he had just died. But it was always a mystery! Where had he gone?

MICHAL HAMMOND
Form 5, Lower.

The Rock and Mineral Club



MATERIALS TUMBLED:

1. Souris: petrified and opalized woods, olivine, epidote and agate; Jasper, Moss, Dendritie.
2. Turritella from Montana.
3. Amethyst from Thunder Bay.
4. Apache Tears; a curious tear-shaped formation of obsidian glass.
5. Tiger-Eye South Africa (gold, red, blue).

The Rock and Mineral Club was formed in the middle of the first term by Mr. Gill and other rabid rockhounds. A tumbler and all the accessories for tumbling were purchased by the club members. When tumbled for hundreds of hours and by varying the size of the grit semi-precious stones take on a brilliant lustre. Once polished the stones were mounted so that they would prove attractive gifts for mothers and sisters. They were formed into necklaces, bracelets, and rings and for the fathers they were formed into key chains, and lapel pins.

Plans are being made for a return trip to Souris in order to collect a plentiful supply of agate and other tumbling material. The Bird River area should provide the Club with many mineral specimens. Club members look forward to a time when they will be able to afford the purchase of a diamond saw for cutting specimen and the polishing tools that would allow them to really explore the world of the lapidarist.

Les Voyageurs

La Liberté et le Patriote, St. Boniface — le 2 décembre, 1963;

Un groupe d'élèves de langue anglaise de l'école St. John's-Ravenscourt vint démontrer que Mme. Jeanne Perreault a su leur enseigner la parfaite maîtrise de langue de Racine. Au cours du programme donc, fusèrent constemment les plus chauds applaudissement.

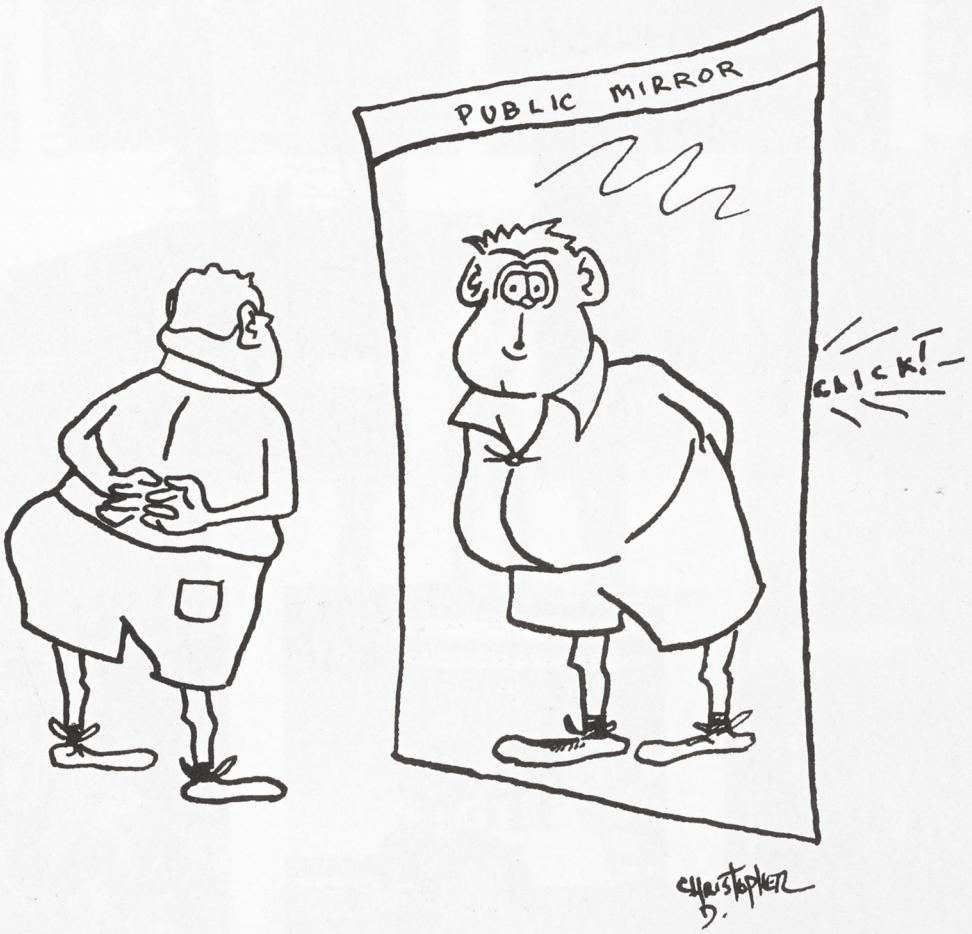
Puis les élèves de St. John's-Ravenscourt, costumis comme "Les Voyageurs" d'antan et portant leur canot fragile, vinrent entonner cinq chants du folklore canadien-français, avec un respect remarquable des naunces de la langue française. Jean Gemmel, membre du groupe, raconta ensuite une adaptation canadienne de "La Cigale et la Fourmi" de La Fontaine—Les auditeurs surent féliciter ces "Voyageurs" par des applaudissement très nourris. Semaine du Livre de la Jeunesse célébrée à Fort Garry;

Durant cette même semaine, un group d'élèves anglais de l'école St. John's-Ravenscourt, sous la direction de Mme. J. Perreault, exécutait en français un programme re chansons de voyageurs.





CANDID CAMERA





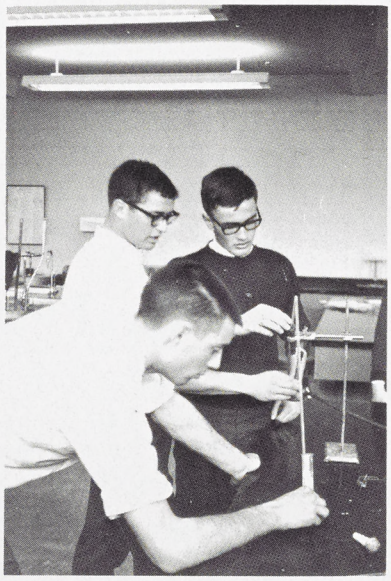
The School

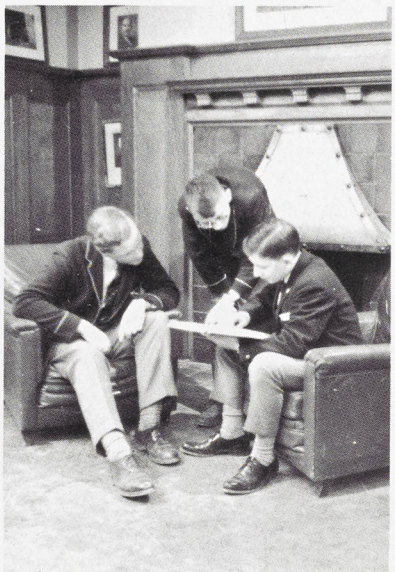


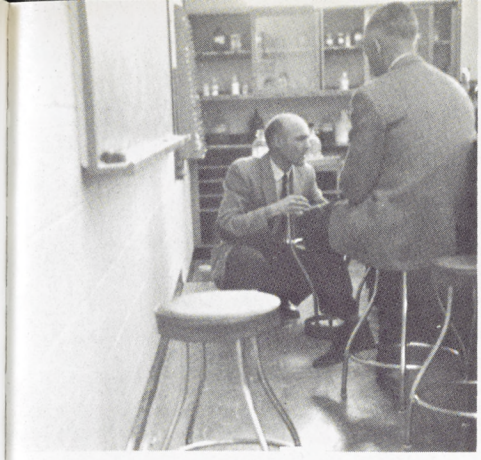




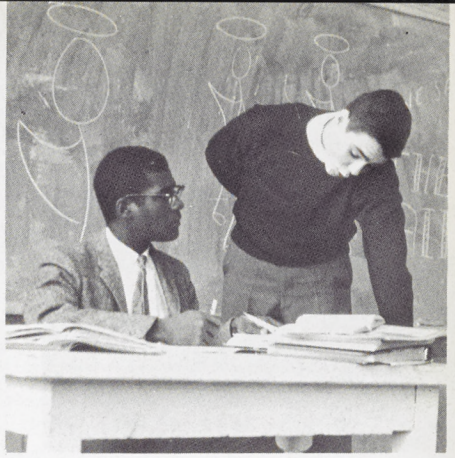




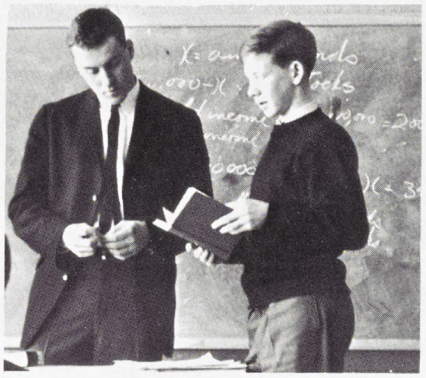


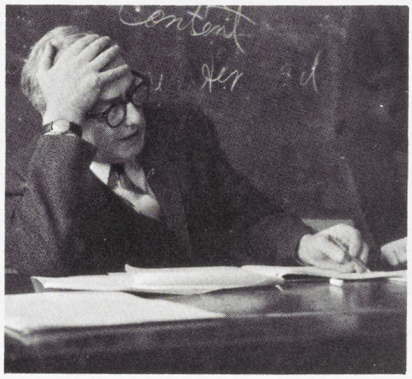


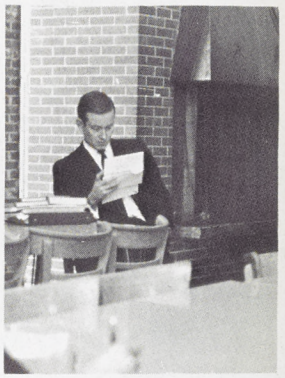






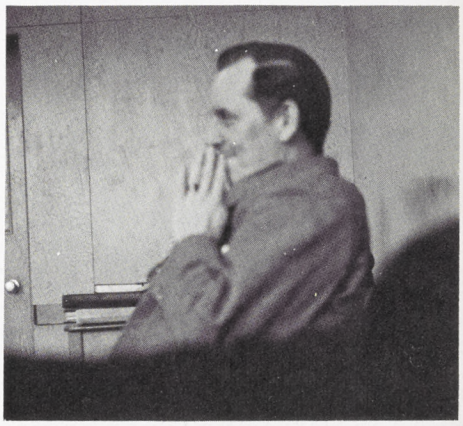














Staff

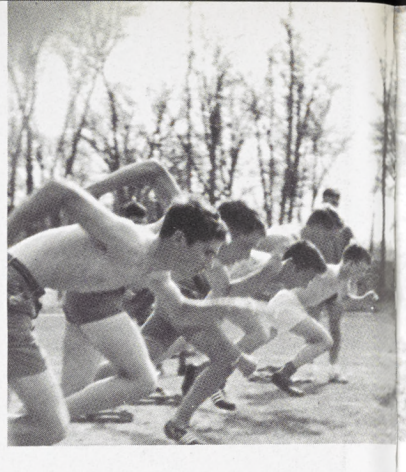








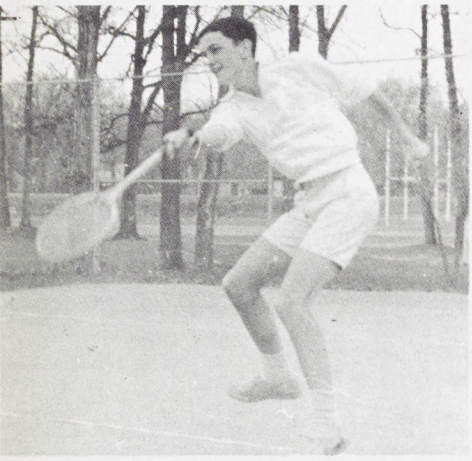
Sports

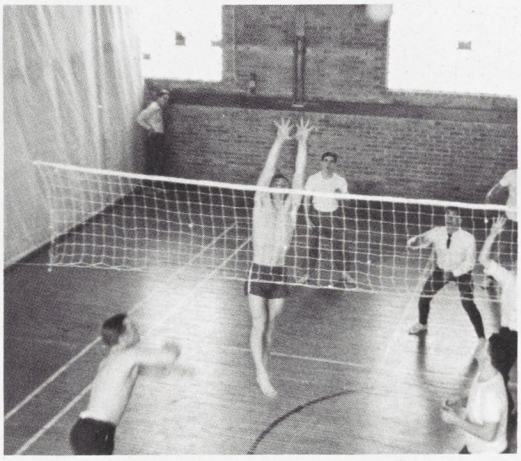












































Contented?



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The Abominable Sixth



. . . and this is the dorm.



Plus a cool rhino.

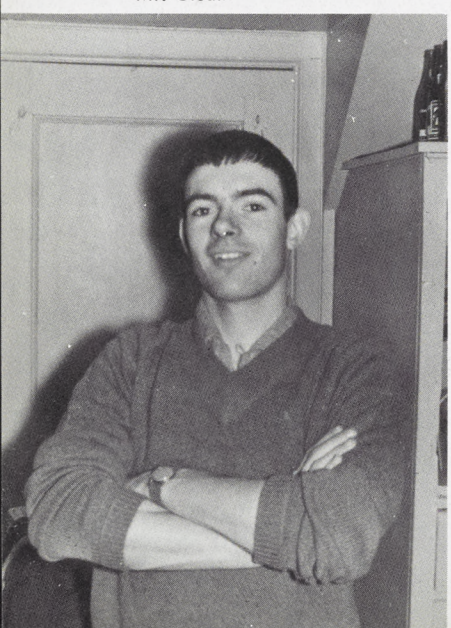


"Pie-Eyed"



Honest!

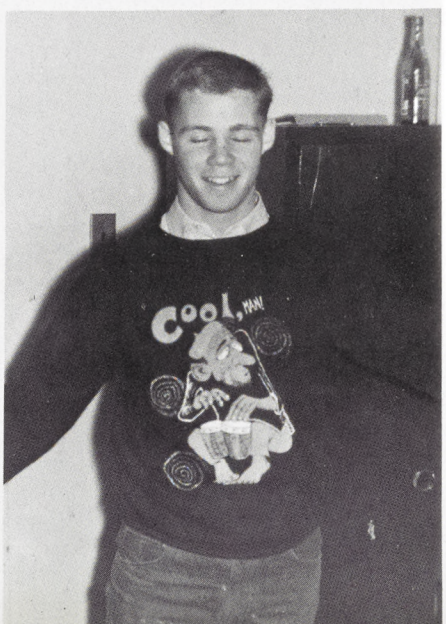
Mr. Clear

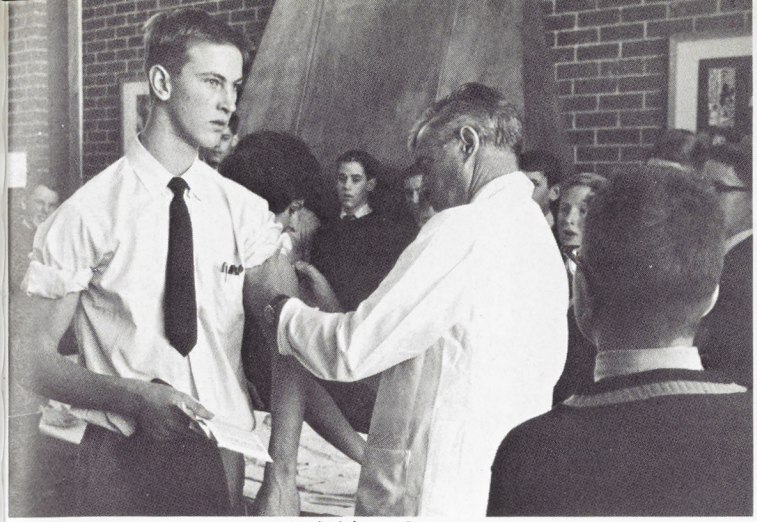


Sharpy



Mr. President





Ain't I brave?



Pushing it a bit too far.



So I says . . . .



Aspirin would be better.



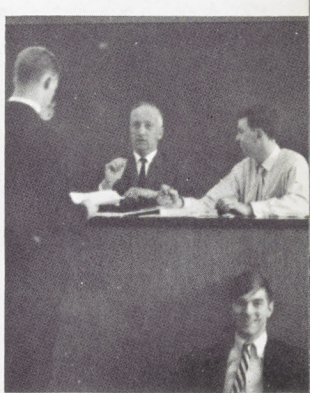
Playboy Pinup.



Hey! Dom.



Ringo is handsome, honest!



Alert!

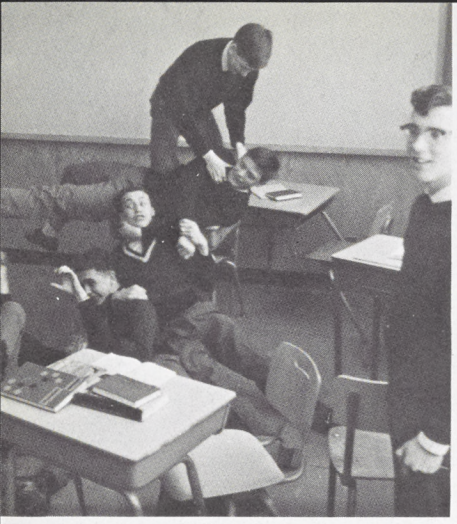
CRIME DOES NOT PAY











Chain Gang!



There's Beatles and there's beetles.



A roof night.



Wasted Talent.

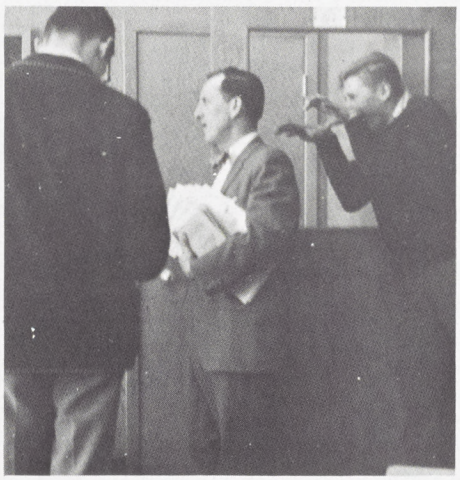
The Upper School



Scenery.



I am too fierce.



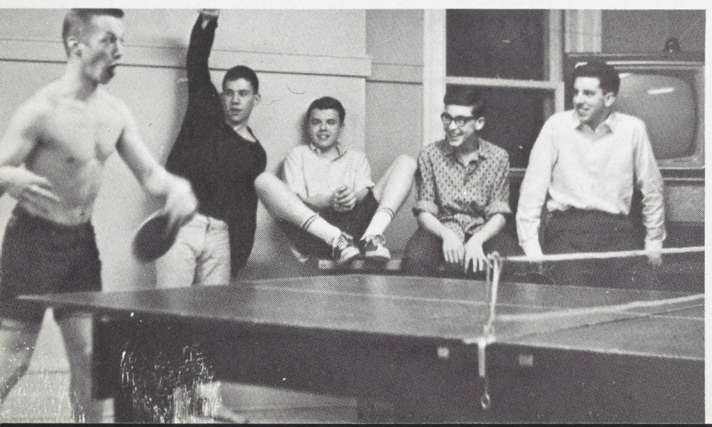
Ambush.



You will enjoy the Cadet Ball.

Swallow the ball?

Model United Nations.



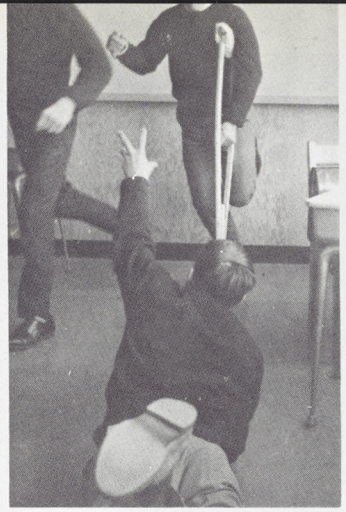




Water fights.



Off the phone.



Nice guy.



Going up.



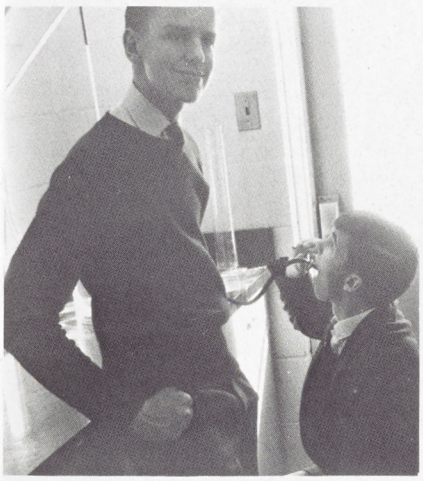
Rumble.



Worried?

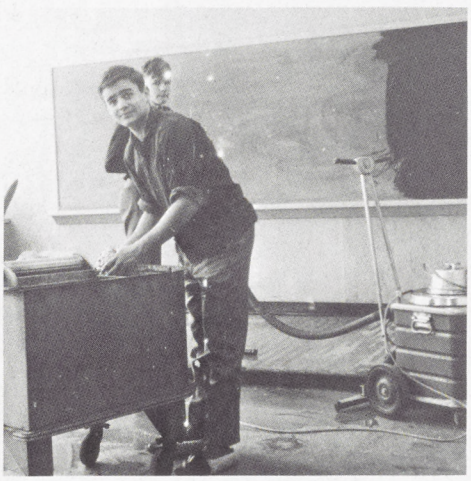


Royal Flush.



The School 'still.

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Man! It takes a lotta water.



Fight for your House.

That elephant is really dead.







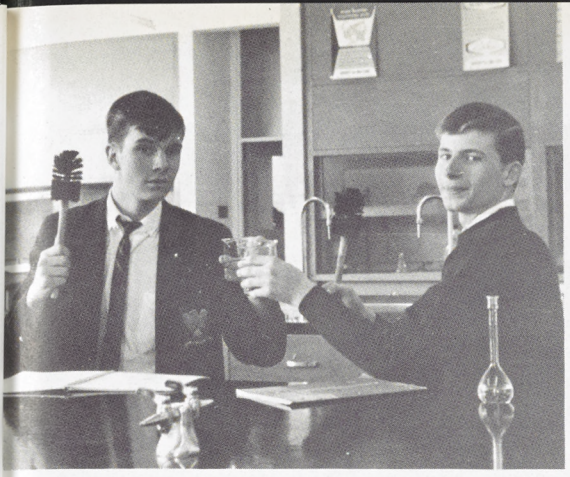


I A G B W W





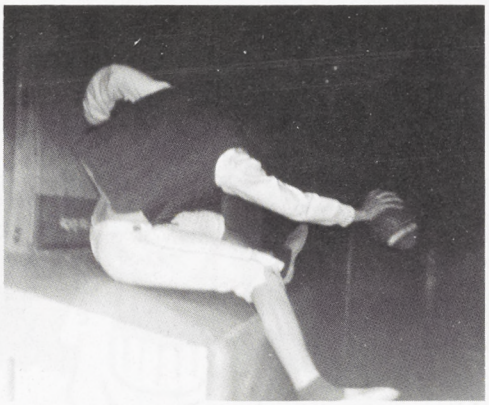


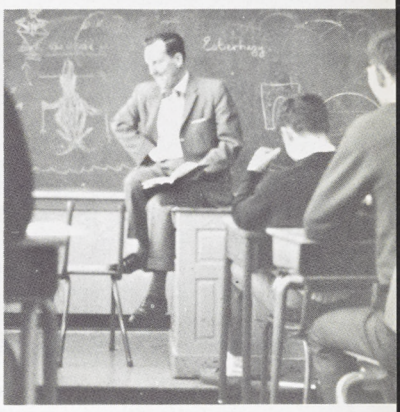


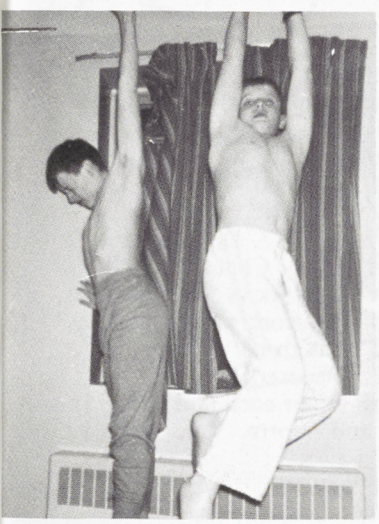




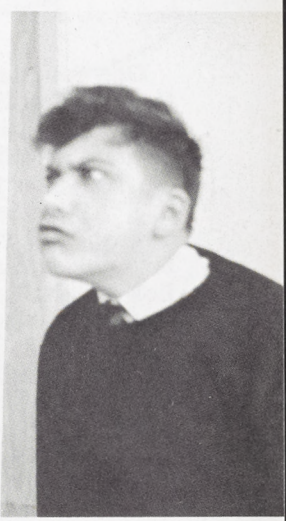
























Old Boys' Soccer and Hockey

One Saturday morning last fall several old boys formed themselves into a soccer team and challenged our senior soccer team to a game. We, being veterans of many a fierce battle, willingly took them on. The game proved to be a rough one and a fun one. Al Graham continued his policy of running through, on or over anyone in his way. The old boys did manage to hold their own, however, sending Low for a tail-spin. Old Boy greats such as Mitchell, McCreath, Martin, Whitmore and Greeniaus were unable to fire a shot past our fabulous goalie. The first half ended scoreless so we decided to cut the kidding long enough to score a goal. Sure enough, Andy Little fired a shot and scored. The game ended 1-0 for the senior soccer team. See you next year.

On January 20, several old boys came out to the school to try to show the senior hockey team that they were still as good as they used to be.

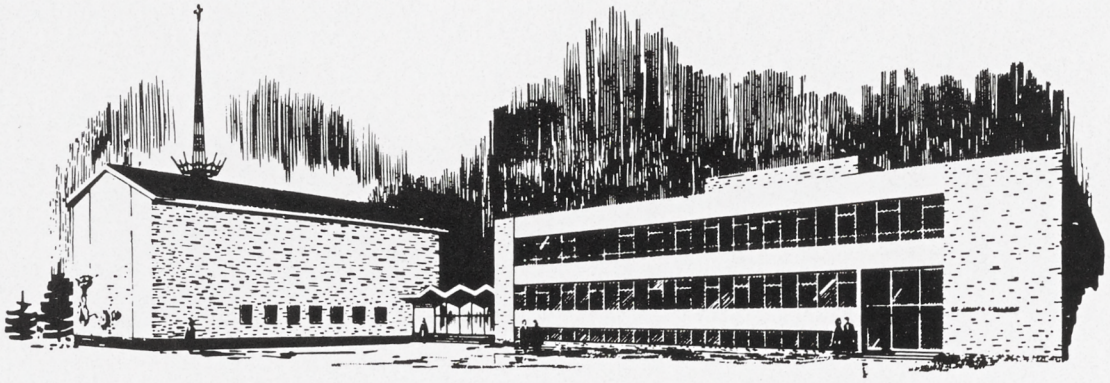
The old boys wasted no time and we were behind 6-0 before we knew what had happened. The second period ended 6-1. In the third period we really started to move and tied the score 7-7. Despite our great comeback we lost 7-1 when Chat Mitchell fired the winning shot for the old boys with just five seconds to go. Other old boy scorers were Neil McDermid and Bill Copland with three apiece and Bill Martin with a single. S.J.R. scorers were Barry Sullivan and Mike Hartley with a pair each and Craig Kennedy, Jock McDonald and Norm Vale with singles.





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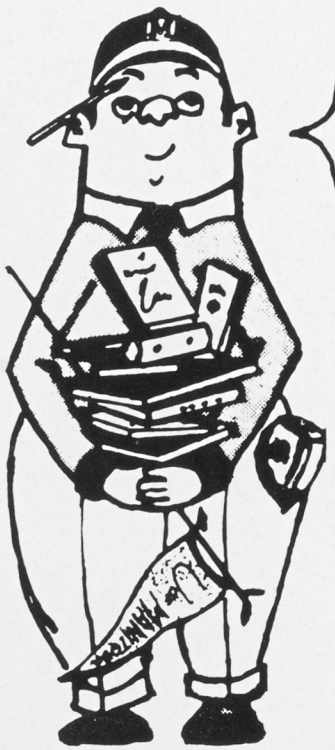
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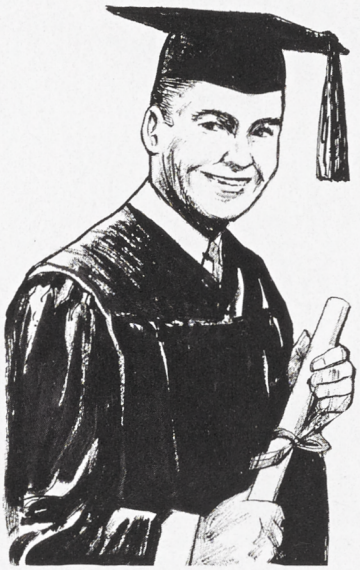


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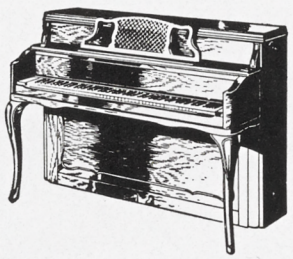
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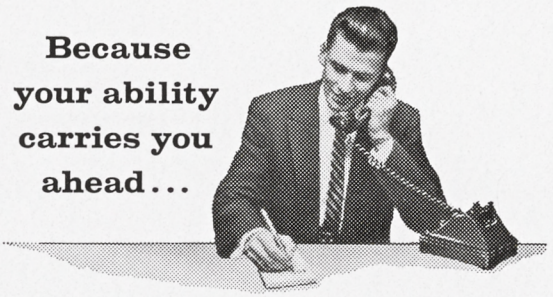
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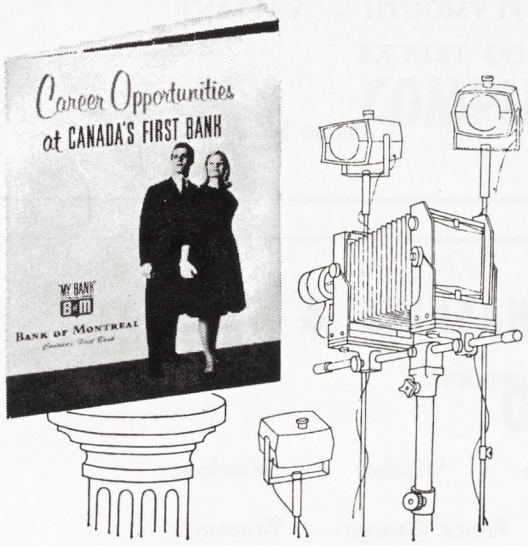
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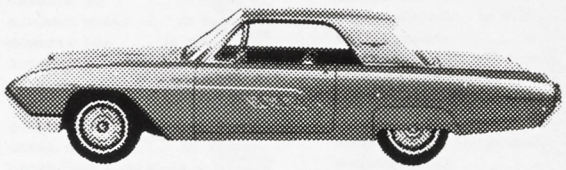
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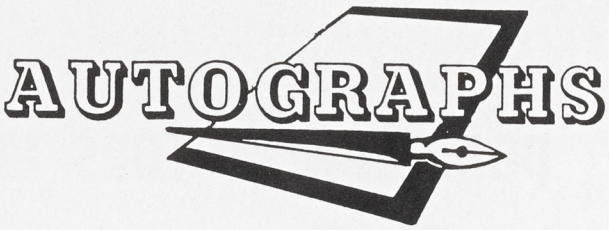
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